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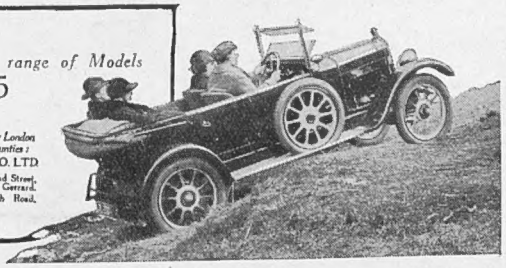

H.P.

. . . *At the* . . .

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The Bystander, January 14, 1925 No. 1102 Vol. LXXXV.

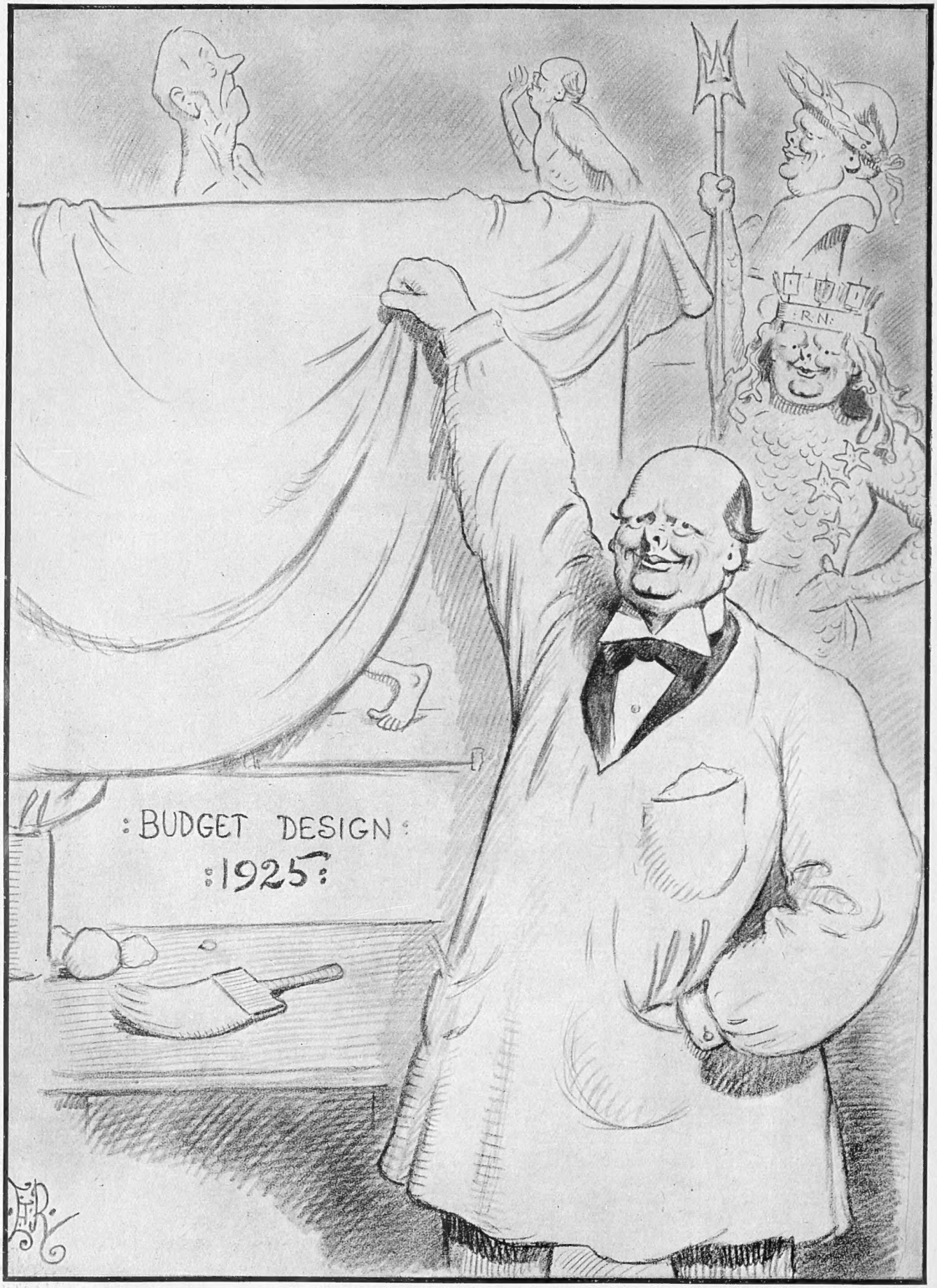
The BYSTANDER

Blake Studios

MISS A. JOHNSTONE

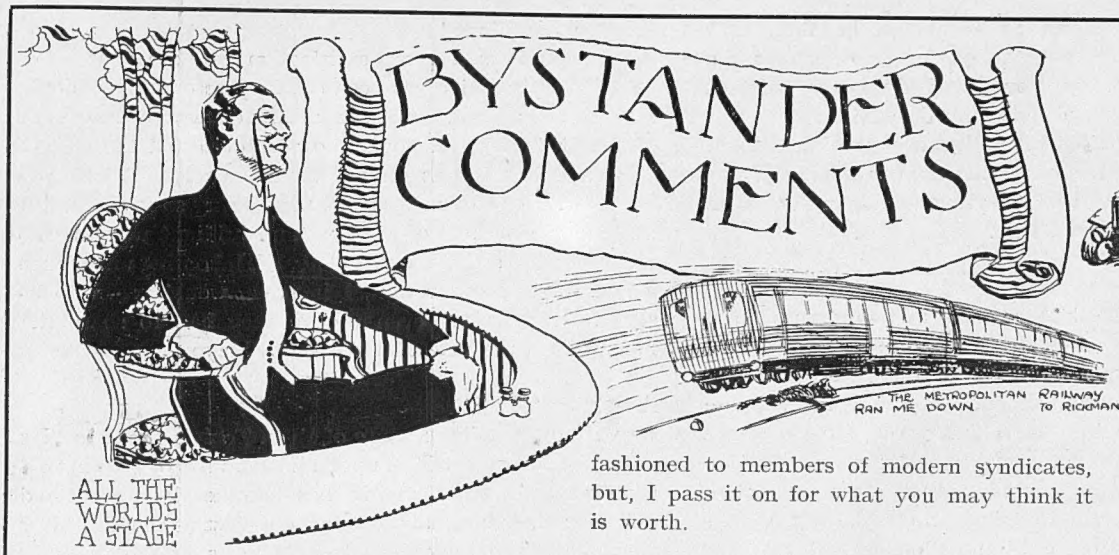
The daughter of Lady Stevenson by her first marriage, and step-daughter of Lord Stevenson, the Chairman of the Board of the British Empire Exhibition

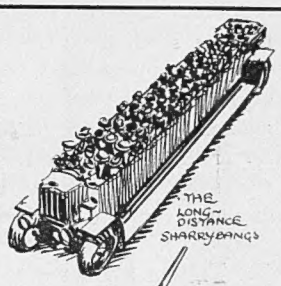
Those Hidden "Figures"



BY E. T. REED

WINSTON THE SCULPTOR *(covering up his masterpiece prior to a trip to Paris)*: "Wouldn't some of 'em like to know what it looks like . . . . to see what sort of *treatment* and what extent of *relief*! But not even the charwoman will know until my *show-day*"





That Traffic Problem

KNOWING that I am keenly interested in London's traffic problem, the directors of the Metropolitan Railway ran me down to Rickmansworth the other morning in order that I might personally inspect their most recent electrification scheme. I travelled in a special coach attached to a special train, and the journey into Hertfordshire was accomplished in exactly twenty-five minutes—the time it sometimes takes to travel by motor-bus from Bond Street to Charing Cross or by train from Clapham Junction to Victoria.

Snares and Delusions

AS a result of the appalling traffic congestion in the streets of London, the Underground Railways are carrying all before them. Motor traffic has proved its own undoing; taxis are a snare and a delusion, and if you want to keep an appointment the moving-stairway is your only hope. In the same way, the suburban traffic is being captured by the Metropolitan, a young and very-much-alive competitor, and during the summer months the long-distance "Sharrybangs" take quite a slice of it. I begin to feel quite sorry for the main-line railways, but I suppose they'll continue to pay dividends all the same.

Walking them Up

A VERY fine old sportsman whose name doesn't matter, and who lives, I believe, in Kent, has been giving his views on shooting. This particular authority will have none of the driven bird. He likes to walk them up and bag a brace here and there. He likes the exercise, and he likes to be able to have a day with the gun at the end of the season instead of destroying everything in sight in one initial holocaust. All of which sounds very old-fashioned to members of modern syndicates, but, I pass it on for what you may think it is worth.

I am No Solomon

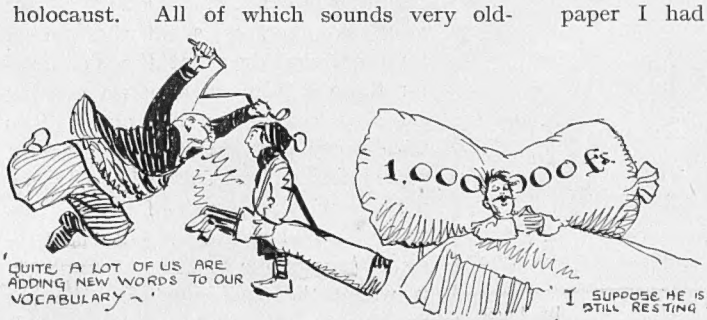
IF a policeman sees a burglar about to force an entry into your house, should he wait until the deed is accomplished before arresting the criminal, or should he give the bad man a friendly word of warning? In the first place you may get a crack on the head in the passage, but in the second a notorious criminal may be lost to the law. It is a nice point, and I only mention it because a Birmingham police sergeant has been criticised for letting his man thoroughly incriminate himself before snapping the handcuffs on him. I would like to settle the question, but, alas, I am no Solomon.

Traffic in Tickets

THE pundits of the Rugby Union have sworn by bell, book and candle to suppress the traffic in tickets for International matches. While sympathising with them in their trouble, I shall be interested to see how they will set about their self-imposed task. The laws of supply and demand are inexorable, and if one enthusiast is prepared to pay a fiver for a ticket held by a lesser or more impecunious enthusiast, the deal will undoubtedly go through. I suppose they *could* get on the track of the bad men by answering those Personal advertisements in the *Times*, but I doubt if this detective work is worth the doing.

Honourable Scars

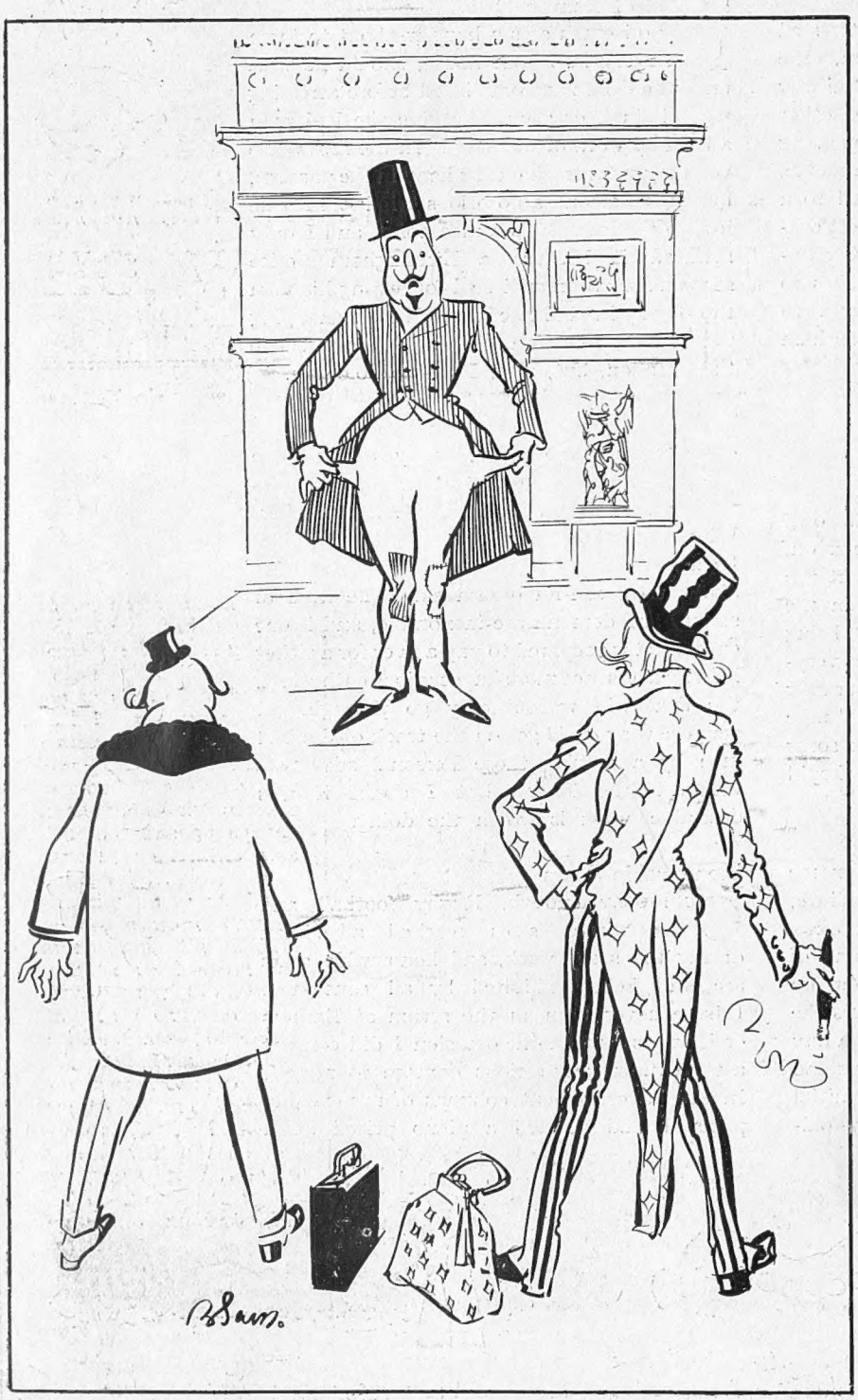
CURIOUSLY enough, Rugby football and the winter sales reached a climax during the same week, and honourable scars are still being exhibited by all concerned. I have never been in the scrum at Barkers or Harrods, but on one occasion I did convert a try without any serious damage to myself. In the advertisement columns of my evening paper I had spotted a piano priced at a



ridiculous figure—a figure so ridiculous, in fact, that I knew stern measures were called for. So soon as the doors were opened on the morrow, I walked up to an assistant who was still running a pocket-comb through his hair, and handed him the advertisement with a cheque pinned to it. Never did I see anyone so disinclined to take money, but I persuaded him at last, and the piano stands in my rooms at the Albany, to witness if I lie.

On Taking a Rest

A GENTLEMAN who had won a million francs in a lottery, when asked what he intended to do, replied that he purposed taking a good long rest. As the thrilling event only happened last week, I suppose he is still resting, but it is interesting to speculate on the length of time a normally active man can live the life of a cabbage. Possibly that Paris millionaire is even now scrambling for a seat on the train that will get him to his office by nine o'clock.



QUITE "FRANC" ABOUT IT By Blam

What a Handicap!

WHILE it is a great satisfaction to note that Ellen Terry's genius has been officially recognised, I doubt if there is a woman under sixty who envies her the style of the distinction. I don't know who selected the title of "Dame," but it was an unfortunate choice. When you are seventy or so you may not mind being so labelled, but imagine the feelings of a young and brilliant woman who was invited to spend the rest of her life labouring under such a handicap. Most women, I imagine, would prefer to be styled "My Lady," even though they had to share the honour with the wife of a provincial Mayor.

A Difficult Task

THE outstanding feature of Ellen Terry's career is that she has succeeded in the difficult task of growing old gracefully. The perfect girl has become the perfect old lady—a rather unusual phenomenon—just as the choir-boy with the beautiful voice very seldom sets the town alight as an adult vocalist. How many women—or men, for that matter—could have lived that wonderful life and yet hand on the torch to more youthful competitors without a pang? But the reason may be that Ellen Terry never feared a rival and her place remains unfilled.

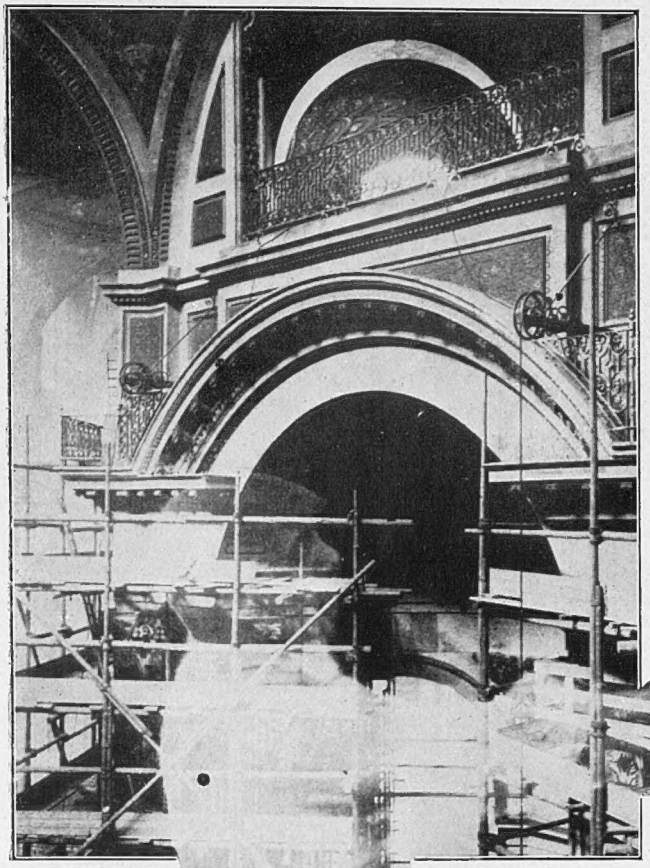
A Fair Assumption

UP to the time of going to press no claimant has come forward for ticket No. 3,635, the winning number in THE BYSTANDER Birthday Surprise at the Coming-of-Age Ball on New Year's Eve. If you remember, the ticket entitles the holder to visit a very eminent costumier in Regent Street and order evening wraps, evening gowns, two-piece frocks, and whatnot up to the value of a hundred guineas. If the holder turned out to be a man, we naturally assumed that there would be some fair one with him to whom this present from him might make—well, a lot of difference. It seemed a fair assumption. But is it?

The Mysterious Mr. "Alpha"

A HORRID thought has struck me. Was there, perhaps, one lonely soul in that vast throng of merrymakers at the gay Albert Hall unloved and unwanted? Was there a gloomy skeleton at our feast? For all I know there may be some shy, forlorn he-man walking about the four kingdoms hugging to his throbbing bosom a paper entitling him to a hundred guineas' worth of ninon and tulle, diamanté and crêpe de Chine. Who is this mysterious Mr. "Alpha"? My grief, however, is slightly tempered by the knowledge that the claimants for those hundred two-guinea evening shoes are sending in their applications with every post. But there are still some unclaimed numbers. If yours is a winning number, a pair of shoes awaits you. Now where did *you* put that tiresome programme? That, I suppose, is where the shoe pinches. We are anxiously waiting to hear from you.

The Prevailing "Spirit" of the "Century"

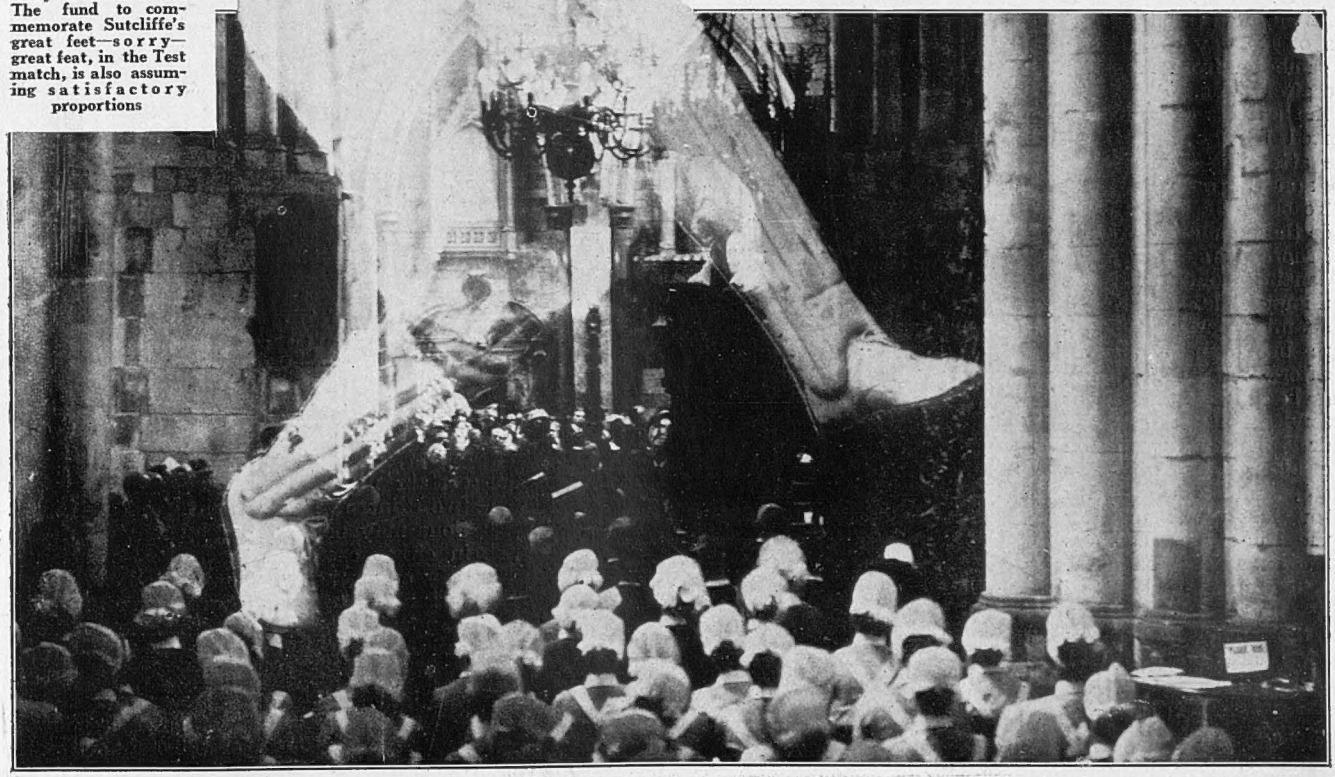


THE DANGER IN THE DOME

Scaffolding inside St. Paul's, the subsidence of which is something of a National Calamity. A fund has been started and has been generously subscribed to. The fund to commemorate Sutcliffe's great feet—sorry—great feat, in the Test match, is also assuming satisfactory proportions

WHAT OF THE FINANCIAL FUTURE?

Mr. Winston Churchill and his secretary, Lord Wodehouse, leaving for Paris for the momentous conference of Allied Finance Ministers, where questions of Inter-Allied debts and German Reparations are being discussed. The conversations are said to be private, but we have been told that Lord Wodehouse is laying odds with his chief against England's victory in the third Test match. Mr. Churchill, however, quotes Sutcliffe's great batting form as a winning factor



GUY'S HOSPITAL BICENTENARY COMMEMORATION SERVICE

The commemoration service at Southwark Cathedral, during the Bishop of Oxford's address last week, to mark the two hundredth anniversary of the opening of the famous hospital on January 6, 1725. Guy's is a national institution and one can safely say that the welfare of the hospital is the welfare of the nation. It is a matter of national interest and pride—like Sutcliffe's famous centuries and the heroic efforts of our chosen representatives to save old England's name

THE PRINCESS WITH THE PACK [*Topical*

Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles (right) at a recent meet of the Bramham Moor at Bickerton Bar, near Harrogate. Lord Lascelles has held the mastership of the pack since 1922

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

A Pleasant Finale

THE West Norfolk Hunt Ball brought the Christmas holidays at Sandringham to a very pleasant close. The Prince of Wales, Prince Henry, and Prince George dined beforehand with Captain and Mrs. Frederick Montagu, who had lent Lynford Hall for the event, a party of some twenty being bidden to meet them, and the King and Queen of Norway with Prince Olaf came on from Appleton House afterwards.

If the success of a ball is estimated by the number of people attending it, the West Norfolk on this occasion must have reached the high water mark in the popularity of their balls. There was such a squash that dancing sometimes was almost impossible.

The family party at York Cottage broke up, a day or two afterwards, the Prince coming back to London for the service at Southwark Cathedral in commemoration of the bicentenary of Guy's Hospital, and Prince Henry going on last week to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch at Dalkeith. The King and Queen of Norway have returned to Olso, the new name by which we are now to call Christiania.

Attributions

OF course, everybody is interested in the possible and probable marriages of Prince Henry and Prince George. First from feelings of personal interest, and second for the sake of the dynasty. The Prince of Wales is thirty and shows no signs of marrying. After the King's four sons and Princess Mary there is, at present, no heir to the Throne in the direct line of the sovereign's family except Princess Mary's elder son.

But, personally, I think it very unfair of certain newspapers to link the names of the two Princes with particular ladies. The attributions may be right; they may be wrong; but in either case this public speculation is not only embarrassing for the ladies in question, but ultimately may prove most mortifying. I know it gives great annoyance to the Princes and the Royal Family.

Topical

HONOURING A GREAT PHILANTHROPIST

The Prince of Wales leaving Southwark Cathedral after the memorial service to Thomas Guy, the founder of the famous hospital. "Guy's" celebrated its bicentenary last week

Topical

AT THE START OF THE DAY

Prince Henry on the way to the draw of the first covert during a recent day's hunting with the York and Ainsty. The field met at Copmanthorpe, near York

"Lords of the Manor"

ON New Year's day, the ancient position and title of "Lord of the Manor" passed out of existence by Lord Birkenhead's Law of Property Act. There have been Lords of the Manor since the time of William the Conqueror, and out of their ancient privileges came the title "Squire," borne by the heads of many

old county families with manorial rights over the villages they owned. So, for sentimental and historical reasons one cannot help regretting their disappearance —that's where your inherent conservatism comes in. But on the other hand, one has to remember that the change simplifies the whole system of land-holding in this country.

The ancient and very often vexatious system of land tenure by copyhold disappears, all such land becoming freehold. Existing—or rather, former—lords of manors will receive compensation from their former copyholders for the loss of their manorial privileges and payments.

Sir Douglas Dawson

THE stately military figure of Sir Douglas Dawson, the State Chamberlain, will be much missed at the Courts and State functions. He retired from that office at the end of the year under the rule laid down by the Committee appointed by the King to inquire into the working of the Royal Household, that the age limit for all Household officials must be seventy. He has been in the Royal service for many years, and is an infallible authority on precedence and etiquette. His unfailing tact and resource have prevented what might have been very awkward moments on State occasions.

The King gave a signal proof of his personal regard for Sir Douglas when he refused to accept his State Chamberlain's resignation at the time of the Bevan scandal. Sir Douglas was one of the directors of the City Equitable, and, like Lord Ribblesdale, one of Bevan's most badly-hit victims. The true story of how Bevan let in his friends will probably never be written, but if it is, it will show how cruelly Sir Douglas Dawson was deceived.

Sir Douglas, who is a relation of the Earl of Dartrey, was Master of the Ceremonies to King Edward, and before he became State Chamberlain was Comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department. He retired from the Army six years ago with the rank of Brigadier-General.

A JANUARY BRIDE [*Bassano*

Miss Patience Courtenay-Thompson, whose marriage to the Hon. Thomas Money-Coutts, the eldest son of Lord Latymer, took place at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, last week. She is a step-daughter of Major-General Herbert Money

A MEATH BALL MEET [*L. N. A.*

A group of dancers at the Royal Meath Hunt Ball held at Dowston House, Kilcarn, the residence of Sir Thomas Ainsworth. The group shows, sitting: Miss Moore (left), Mr. T. R. and Miss Leonard. Standing: Mr. J. A. Leonard (left), Miss Nora Kenny, Mr. M. Leonard, Miss Coffey and Mr. S. Ronan

MORE OF THE MEATH [*L. N. A.*

Some more of those who were there at the Royal Meath Hunt Ball. The group shows, sitting: Miss Iris Ainsworth (left), Lord Holmpatrick, Mrs. Pollock, Rev. G. E. Fry, Lady Edina Ainsworth and Mr. R. Cameron. Standing: Mrs. Shirley (left), Capt. Preston and the Hon. Mrs. Preston, Mr. W. R. Laidlaw and Master John Ainsworth

Gay Doings in Kent

THERE were gay doings in Kent last week round about Tunbridge Wells. On Tuesday there was the Eridge Hunt Ball at the Pump Room in the old watering-place, and on Wednesday the ball given by Marchioness Camden at Bayham Abbey for the coming-out of her elder daughter, Lady Irene Pratt, one of the coming season's *débutantes*.

All the houses round about were filled for both balls. Lady Henry Nevill, whose husband is heir to his brother the Marquis of Abergavenny, took a large party each night from Eridge Castle. Another hostess was the Countess of Castle Stewart, a newcomer in that part of the world, probably owing to all the troubles in Ireland.

Lady Castle Stewart was Miss Guggenheim of New York. When she married, four years ago, her husband, then Viscount Stuart, was a master at Rugby. He succeeded to the earldom a year after

their marriage. They have a charming house at Nutley in Sussex, where they entertain with two of the heartiest kinds of hospitality—Irish and American.

Lady Castle Stewart likewise gave a ball a few days before the Tunbridge Wells and Bayham Abbey festivities. And there, too, was a great gathering of all the Kentish folk—the youthful Lord and Lady De la Warr, Nevills, Streatfeilds, Lord and Lady Camden and their heir, Lord Brecknock and his wife, the young Viscount Hardinge and his sister, Miss Ruby Hardinge. People motored miles to go to these three balls.

Sport and General

YOUTH AND THE EGGESFORD

A group of Eggesford followers at Colleton House, including Mrs. W. P. Martyn and Mrs. Smythe Osbourne (whose husbands share the mastership of the pack), Mrs. Kidd and Miss Bettine Brown

Kingly Forbearance

I WONDER if any of you have seen a copy of the pamphlet which Vincente Blasco-Ibañez, the great Spanish novelist, has written against the King of Spain, and has had scattered all over that country by aeroplane. It puts the responsibility of all the Spanish internal troubles and the deadly war in Morocco on King Alfonso's shoulders.

No constitutional monarch could possibly be so responsible. Señor Blasco-Ibañez lives in Paris, and from that safe distance showers his defamations of their King upon the Spaniards with the help of hireling air-pilots.

In a letter in answer to a protest against this campaign of vilification, King Alfonso says, "Nobody asked me if I would like to be King. I was placed here, and here I am compelled to remain, making every effort to do good and trying to forget the weaknesses which are sometimes displayed by men who have formerly been admired by everybody, because no doubt it is not they who are guilty, but they are perhaps affected by the atmosphere in which they live. Possibly they have received bad information or have conceived a wrong idea, for which we ought to forgive them, hoping that in future instead of writing spiteful pamphlets they will resume the writing of interesting romances which we shall all be able to read and praise."

I ask you, can kingly forbearance go further? And doesn't, "Nobody asked me if I would like to be King. I was placed here, and here I am compelled to remain," suggest that kings have a point of view unsuspected by revolutionaries? Some kings have a sense of duty towards their subjects; some revolutionaries have only the sense of self-advertisement.

Central Press

THE MARQUIS AND MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY

At Hatfield House, the historic Salisbury home, where Major Smith-Bosanquet's hounds met after the Hunt Ball at Bedwell Park. Lord Salisbury took a rather bad toss when following these hounds near Bell Bar, and had to be carried home unconscious

L.N.A.

THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER

Snapped at a meet of the Cottesmore at Wymondham—when, despite stormy weather and a drenching for those who came car-less to the meet, some excellent sport was shown

Moving Houses

UNTIL two years ago the Duchess of York's eldest brother and his wife, Lord Glamis and Lady Dorothy Glamis, lived at Streatlam Castle, a huge place near Darlington, belonging to Lord Glamis's father, the Earl of Strathmore. When the house was sold, Lord Glamis and Lady Dorothy settled at Westfield in Sussex. Now, they have made another move, this time into Norfolk, where they have taken Runton Old Hall, near Cromer. Lady Dorothy Glamis is a daughter of the Duke of Leeds, the Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

This winter, the first for many years, the Duke of Leeds's villa, Selva Dolce, at Bordighera, has been deserted until after the New Year. As a rule the Duchess, who is a sister of Lord Durham, goes there in the early autumn and remains until the late spring. She is not strong, and finds the Yorkshire climate of Hornby Castle trying in the winter. This winter, however, the Duchess before starting for

Bordighera went to Bath with her only son, the Marquis of Carmarthen, who came of age three years ago, and who, with Lord Glenconner, Lord Glentanar, and the Earl of Cardigan, the Marquis of Ailesbury's only son, is amongst the most eligible *partis* in the younger flight.

Was She Suitable?

Isn't there a saying that some people are born to greatness and others achieve it? But what puzzles me is that when you have been born great and achieve further greatness by sheer brain-capacity you should attach such importance to your rank and position as to outvie in snobbery the snobbiest of snobs.

There is a peer who, although born the heir to a barony, has had far, far higher titles heaped upon him—and deservedly—in return for his public services. Now, you wouldn't think that a man so immersed in public affairs would have time to concern himself with the engagement of housemaids, would you? That is usually left to housekeepers in the abodes of the rich and great. But this peer apparently arranges these details himself.

A friend of mine was giving up her house in London. There was a vacancy for a housemaid in the house of the peer I have mentioned. One of her maids applied for the place. My friend received a letter from the peer himself, asking the usual details as to character, and ending with, "But I should be obliged if you will tell me frankly whether you consider ———— ———— is a suitable person to be employed in a nobleman's household."

L. N. A.

A FERNIE'S FOLLOWER

Miss Gwen Hayr, daughter of W. J. Hayr, Esq., J.P., at a meet of the Fernie's at Wistow Park. The Prince of Wales hunted with these hounds from Langton last week

Vaughan and Freeman

YOUNG ENGLAND

The Hon. Rosemary Cary (right) and her younger sister, Sheila, the pretty daughters of Lord and Lady Falkland

My friend replied, "Dear Lord ————. The maid about whom you enquire has passed all her service in gentlemen's households. If there is a difference between such households and the household of a nobleman, would you be so kind as to explain it, then I can tell you whether ———— — ——— is suitable or not."

And that was that.

Rather Dizzying

When Miss Peggy Marsh, the once-upon-a-time chorus girl, who achieved a wide newspaper fame here and in America because of her lawsuit to gain some of the Marshall Field millions for her young child, married Captain Keld Fenwick recently at a registry office, there was the oddest combination. Miss Marsh lost her case in the American courts, but the American millionaire whom she afterwards married legally adopted the Marshall Field baby. The American millionaire's death left Miss Marsh a widow.

Her present husband, Captain Keld Fenwick, is a collateral relation of the Duke of Manchester. He was also formerly the husband of the Duchess of Westminster's sister, born Miss Gladys Nelson. That lady divorced him. The Duchess of Westminster also divorced her first husband, Captain Rowley, and Captain Rowley was best man or witness—whatever it is called at registry offices—at the wedding of his erstwhile brother-in-law to Miss Peggy Marsh!

It takes some thinking out, doesn't it?

A Diamond Wedding

That wonderful old sportsman, the Earl of Coventry, who has probably attended more race-meetings than

Central News

AT THE GUARDS CHAPEL

Mr. W. T. Lindesay, the Earl of Lindsay's nephew, with his bride, Marjory, the daughter of the late Mr. A. J. G. Cross and Lady Hawke, leaving the Church to the tune of "Hielan' laddie" played by the pipers of the Scots Guards, the bridegroom's regiment. The bride was given away by her step-father, Lord Hawke, the famous cricketer

anybody in England, celebrates his diamond wedding towards the end of this month. Sixty years ago he married a daughter of the second Earl of Craven. Lord Coventry is eighty-seven; Lady Coventry is four years younger. Her two sisters, Lady Evelyn Hutton-Riddell and Lady Emily Van de Weyer, are respectively eighty-six and seventy-nine.

People's League of Health

THE Hon. Mrs. Claud Yorke gave a party at her house in Park Street last Thursday to meet the members of the committee of the People's League of Health, which is arranging a benefit performance for the League at the Palladium on Sunday afternoon, January 18. Mrs. Hilton Philipson, M.P., described the objects of the League, which are primarily to educate the poor in hygiene and the proper and intelligent care of their own health and the health of their children. The Prince of Wales has given his patronage to the matinée, at which Dame Ellen Terry will make a speech. After she has read it she will sign it, and the speech will then be put up for auction. Mr. Leslie Henson will act as auctioneer for the sale of various things which have been sent, and Princess Yourievsky will sing. So it should be an amusing and interesting afternoon.

Children's Ball at the Mansion House

THE children's fancy dress ball at the Mansion House is the prettiest of sights, but last Thursday I thought it was prettier than usual; there was more variety and originality in the dresses. A note of grace was certainly given to the procession of all the little dancers round and round the ballroom by the hoops and crinolines which so many mothers had chosen for their daughters.

Besides the dancing there were marionettes and a Punch and Judy show, and, to end up with, a solemn procession of the Lord Mayor in his robes, and the Lady Mayoress

THIS MARRIAGE BUSINESS!

Photopress

A CANTERBURY BELLE

Captain Lambert and his bride, the daughter of Dr. Mason of Canterbury, after their marriage at Canterbury Cathedral last week, where the Archbishop of Canterbury officiated

carrying a huge bouquet, followed by resplendent dignitaries of the Corporation of London, and of the Lord Mayor's household.

I don't know how many children the Lord and Lady Mayoress made happy that night. It must have been several hundreds, judging by the throng of bubbling and excited little folks everywhere. And the waiting cars stretched far on either side of the Mansion House.

Winter Sports

THE next issue of THE BYSTANDER (January 21) will be a special Winter Sports Number, and with the gratifying success of our bumper Winter Sports Number of last November still in mind, we approach the making-up of this issue with considerable trepidation. However, we hope to satisfy our readers' wants, and can promise some excellent sketches in colour and black-and-white by artists who know Switzerland, some splendid photographs of personalities and events in that land of sun and snow, as well as many amusing and informative articles by writers whose pens are now busy.

Bassano

OFF STAGE

Commander Desmond McCarthy and his bride, Miss Agatha Kentish, who were married at St. Peter's Church, Cranley Gardens. The bride plays the unwifely part of a "Lost Boy" in "Peter Pan" at the Adelphi

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Keystone

A COLONN-ADE TO RELAXATION

Mlle. Samya the well-known dancer, enjoying an "easy" in the sunshine at Monte Carlo. In the background is to be seen the Casino, which, for many, proves more alluring than all the beauty spots of the Riviera put together

The Riviera Week by Week

BY DOUGLAS W. THORBURN

THE amount of sunshine recorded in London during the month of December was 31 hours and 42 minutes—though there are, perhaps, pessimists who can scarcely believe it. In Cannes we had during that same month of short days over 159 hours, which explains why those of us who are here have so often congratulated ourselves when reading of the fogs and floods and gales of the Home Country. Up to the time of writing, the New Year has fully maintained this excellent record, and sunshades and coloured glasses are, to use a classic phrase, common objects of the sea-shore. Sea-bathing continues to be most popular.

PROMINENT among the visitors to Cannes are the Earl and Countess of Derby, who arrived at the Beau-Site with a family party which includes Major the Hon. Oliver and Lady Maureen Stanley and the Hon. Sir Arthur Stanley. Lord Stanley was not with them for once, having gone to Egypt to study the cotton situation for the Government. Sir Coleridge and Lady Kennard—the latter quite recovered from her operation—have returned to the Cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Collie, who have in previous seasons rented several of the largest properties in the district, have now secured the Château de St. Michel, the stately home of the Duke and Duchess of Vendôme, for the winter. Lady Michelham has taken Captain Philippi's place, the Villa Selvosa, for a few months, while the Duke of Manchester, who has with him his daughter, Lady Mary Montagu, has rented the Villa Rocher St. Georges. Only an optimist would undertake to search for a furnished villa in Cannes to-day unless, like so many wise ones, he were prepared to wait until next autumn for possession.

Sport and General

ARMED FOR BATTLE

The Hon. Sylvia Portman with Lord and Lady Ebrington at the lawn tennis club at Cannes. The Riviera tournaments are now in full swing, and the entries are as large as ever

OTHER arrivals in Cannes include Dame Clara Butt and her son, who are staying with Sir Edward and Lady Hulton at Beau-Desert for a fortnight or so; Sir Adam Block, the British financial representative in Constantinople; Sir Gilbert and Lady Fox; Sir Charles Bedford, who had so distinguished a career in the Indian Medical Service; and Lady Bedford, Lady Townsend, Colonel Charlton Humphreys, Surgeon Rear-Admiral Sir George L. Cheatle and Mr. Arthur Henry Cheatle, the Hon. Ismay Fitzgerald, and Sir John Rutherford; who are at the Mont-Fleury, and Lady Ludlow at the Beau-Site.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., who is staying at the Carlton, was thoroughly run down and suffering from over-work when he arrived, but after ten days of loafing in the sun, with his typewriter still unpacked, the genial veteran journalist declared himself to be a new man, and was most enthusiastic in his praise of the climate of the Riviera as a cure for sleeplessness and "that tired feeling." Lord Beaverbrook, Viscount Castlerosse, and Mr. Douglas Vickers are also at the Carlton, and of all the many celebrations of New Year's Eve in the town, the gala at the Carlton was one of the jolliest, with Lord and Lady Stevenson, who brought a party along from the Grand, taking a leading part in the fun, and Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Joel looking on sedately.

THE harbour at Cannes is now filled with craft of all kinds, and there are often over thirty yachts to be counted on the eastern side of the port, at least half of them being English or American. Earl Fitzwilliam's *Shemara* is one of the best-looking, and Lord Wolverton's *Maid Marion* is expected soon for the spring season.

SIR HENRY and the Hon. Lady Norman came from St. Moritz, where they had spent Christmas, to stay with Lord and Lady Aberconway at the Château de la Garoupe. Near them are Lady Durand and Mr. Louis Raemakers, the famous Dutch cartoonist, who was so great an asset to the Allies during the War, and who is staying at Juan-les-Pins, on the Cap d'Antibes. On New Year's Day there was a very entertaining display of swimming and diving in the fine pool near the end of the Cap, by way of contrast to the weather at home.

RACE WEEK at Nice invariably means a great gathering of visitors from all parts of Europe, and the present meeting was no exception to the rule. The owners represented included most of the big men in the Continental racing world, among them the Aga Khan, Mr. Macomber, Mr. Guggenheim, and M. Veil-Picard, while the display of dresses was only equalled in brilliance by the exhibition of cars of all makes from every part of the Riviera.

SIR ALEXANDER and Lady Swettenham, Lady Chater (wife of Sir C. P. Chater of the Executive Council of Hong-Kong), and Sir Arthur and Lady Binning are among the recent arrivals in Nice, and Americans abound in all the big hotels. The U.S. battleship *Pittsburg* is a source of interest in Villefranche

harbour, and one often hears regret expressed that no British warships ever appear on the Riviera now. At one time the Mediterranean Fleet made frequent appearances in the Spring, and a revival of the custom would doubtless be appreciated by the officers and men of the fleet as well as by the visitors.

A SOCIAL event of great local interest was the brilliant wedding of Miss Jasmyn Hakim, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hakim, old residents in Cimiez, with Comte Regis de Trobriand, a rising young barrister of the Paris Bar and member of an ancient Brittany family, who recently achieved prominence as the legal adviser to Captain Arthur in the notorious extradition case. There were a great many notable guests at the ceremony, and at the reception and dance which followed.

ST. RAPHAEL and Valescure are sharing in the general prosperity of the Côte d'Azur, and practically all the villas and hotels are full. Viscountess Arbuthnott, Sir Rowland and Lady Barran, Lady Kensington, Vice-Admiral and Mrs. Ogilvie Miller, Brigadier-General and Mrs. E. Lindley, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page of Buenos Ayres, and Comtesse Cahen d'Anvers are among the many visitors.

Topical

TOURNAMENT TOPICS

Miss Kate M. Scott (left) and Miss Sheila Roderick, two of the competitors in the recent tennis tournament held on the Carlton Club courts at Cannes, discussing the news from the seat of (tennis) war

THE Golf Club at Hyères has filled up rapidly, and is in extremely good order, to the delight of the many old members who have returned. Sir Eyre Hutson is spending a golfing holiday here prior to taking up his duties as Governor of the Fiji Islands. Major-General Sir Philip Carnegy, who spent forty years in the Indian Army, is here with Lady Carnegy. Sir Jesse Boot is taking sun-baths for the winter months, and another visitor of note is M. Paul Bourget, the eminent French writer, who has a villa at Costebelle. Adele Lady Meyer is due to arrive on the 8th, and will probably go on to Cannes a little later. From Hyères to Menton the Anglo-American colony is very numerous, very gay and very fortunate this winter, for the sun shines with wonderful persistence week after week.

D. W. T.

SPORT *on the* RIVIERA

CANNES, *January* 4

THE Queen is on her throne once more. In other words, the great Suzanne has begun to play competitive lawn tennis again. When on the second day of the New Year she stepped on to the famous No. 1 court in the grounds of the Hotel Beau-Site at Cannes—the first court ever laid down in France—she had not played in an open tournament since the fateful day at Wimbledon last July, when illness and the fiat of her medical adviser brought a triumphal progress to a premature close. Perhaps wisely she took things easily at first—some say a little too easily. And thereby hangs a tale.

SHE had entered for one event only, the Ladies' Doubles. Her partner was Miss Ryan, with whom she had, until her aforesaid retirement, won the Ladies' Doubles Championship at Wimbledon from 1919 onwards without a break, and with whom she would in all probability have won it for the sixth time. Indeed, there is no question whatever that Mlle. Lenglen and Miss Ryan could "take on" any other two women in the world. The scene on the occasion of the resumption of mademoiselle's reign was, in its way, impressive enough; the applause which greeted her from a crowded house and the little army of photographers and photographeresses who elbowed each other in their eagerness to obtain a memento of the auspicious event did no more than justice to her renown. But beneath the surface of all this joyousness there ran an undercurrent of doubt—I might almost say of dissatisfaction. The woman-power on the Riviera (at present, at any rate) is not great, and after Suzanne and her partner had in the course of two days won three matches with the loss of only two games, and had taken rather less than an hour over the winning of all three of them, one heard the question freely asked, "Where does the fun of this wholesale slaughter of the innocents come in?"

NOW, there is an old Greek saying that the Gods ever bring like to like, and everybody knows that in all games the ideal partnership is that in which the component members are of about the same strength. Thus do the best players naturally gravitate towards each other. But there are exceptions to every rule, and the situation on the Riviera at the present time seems to call for the making of one of them. We may possibly see Suzanne and Miss Ryan on opposite sides of the net before long, fighting their Wimbledon Singles battle o'er again. Let us hope that they will be seen on opposite sides of the net in Doubles, too, each choosing as a partner some young player of promise of whom there are several out here—the best of them, perhaps, being Miss E. V. Bennett, the girl champion of Middlesex, of whose play, because she has courage as well as skill, Miss Ryan herself has a high opinion. Then we shall see some real sport and the "galleries," I am prepared to bet, will be larger than ever.

Sport and General

THE ROAD TO RECREATION

Mrs. Moss (left) and Lady Duckworth-King stepping it out to one of the Riviera lawn tennis "fans'" happy hunting grounds—the hard courts at Cannes

AMONG the men matters are rather more even, but the irrepressible Colonel Mayes has yet to meet his match in Singles. Jack Hillyard, his most dangerous rival to date on the Côte d'Azur, is here, but is condemned to several weeks of inactivity—the only cure for an attack of arthritis. Lord Cholmondeley is playing patchily at times, but on the whole most extraordinarily well. In defeating "Jimmy" van Alen, the Cambridge skipper of 1924, at the Beau Site meeting, he gave a display of real merit. Another player who is making his mark is H. K. Lester, the Schoolboy Champion of 1922, who gained his Blue in his first year at Cambridge. Later on, when the big doings in Paris are over, two or three of the crack Frenchmen may come south, and then things will begin to speed up with a vengeance. There is also a rumour that the great Tilden and Vincent Richards are contemplating a descent from America upon the Côte d'Azur, in which event the speed will be positively terrific.

WHICH reminded me that C. F. Aeschliman, the brilliant young Swiss player, and one of the protagonists for several seasons past on the Riviera, has just returned from America with his bride to his home in Cannes. She was formerly Miss Leslie Bancroft, one of America's first six, and they met when she visited Europe and played on the Riviera in 1923. Aeschliman is starting his tournament campaign right away, but Madam will probably wait until she has become more acclimatised.

H. S. S.

"Le Sporting" Sidelights from the Riviera

IN "COURT" CIRCLES AT CANNES

Colonel H. G. Mayes and Miss French at the Beau Site Tournament, in which Colonel Mayes won the Singles by 6—3, 6—3, 6—4. His opponent was Lord Cholmondeley

IN THE "LAKE DISTRICT"

Lady Maureen Stanley, the daughter-in-law of Lord Derby, waiting for the boat during a round of golf on the picturesque Cannes Golf Club Course at Mandelieu

A REST BY THE COURT-SIDE

Mrs. Thornton (left) and Miss K. M. Scott, two of the competitors in the recent tournament on the Beau Site Courts at Cannes. They are enjoying an "easy" between rounds

AWAITING THE "ALL CLEAR"

Mrs. Hannen (left) and Mrs. Macdonald playing a little game of Patience in the bright sunshine on the links at Mandelieu until they can take their place at the first tee. On the golf course it is always a case of "first come first off"

RE-ENTER SUZANNE

Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, a quite promising young player, in action at Cannes. It is to be hoped that she will be seen in this country next summer—if we have one

Sport and General

BRIDGE AND GOLF

Mrs. Creasy and Mrs. Topham standing on the bridge—not at midnight—at the Cannes Golf Course at Mandelieu, which is one of the finest courses on the Riviera

Motley Musings

CERTAIN gentlemen who live in the Thames valley feel aggrieved. They have been inundated with requests for the water rate.

. . . . .

A YOUTHFUL boxer at Ventnor has won each of his last fights in less than a minute. Perhaps at last we have discovered the authentic Isle of Wight hope.

. . . . . .

THE plea of the inebriated astronomer at Bow Street that he had been studying the three star constellation only helped to increase the fine.

. . .

A CERTAIN teetotaller has been fined for drunkenness caused by inhaling certain alcoholic fumes at his factory. What a chance for those Aberdeen gentlemen to stand each other drinks!

. . .

A CONTEMPORARY is giving a prize for the best hundred cooking recipes. "Off the Beeton track" should make an attractive title.

. . .

"YUS, dearie, they took 'er to the 'ospital and the doctors took 'er appendix away."

"Ah, she ought to 'ave 'ad it settled on 'er before she went in."

. . .

WE read that "the tax collector is callous and merciless." Yet "No quarter day" is certainly not his motto.

. . .

FROM a book on etiquette we read that "good manners at table are essential." In fact, it is bad taste to sow wild table d'hôtes.

THE DEVOUT LOVER
(With apologies)

To the stars up above
I have chanted the love
That I feel for Miss Caroline Brown;
I have sung her sweet ways
In mellifluous lays,
When I should have been working in town.

I have sketched the fair charms
Of her shoulders and arms
Which my landlady says are unique;
And at night when I slouch
To my virtuous couch,
Her photo reclines on my cheek!

What I think of her nose,
I have told to the rose,
In a loverlike, amorous code,
I've communed with the dew
O'er her cherry lips too,
And her hair has extracted an ode!

As I said up above,
I have sung of my love
For this dear and delectable elf:
But there I've got stuck,
For I haven't the pluck
To tell it to Carrie herself!

"MOST pianists lack a correct sense of rhythm," says a musical journal. Perhaps they don't know that modulation is the thief of time.

. . . . .

THIS cross-word mania is becoming serious. Only yesterday we heard of a man breaking off his engagement because his *fiancée* could not tell him the Latin equivalent for megalomania.

. . . . . .

A LIST of queer trades has recently been published. It seems strange that the French polishers of dolls' eyes are not included.

. . . . . .

BOBBY, who is a trifle pedantic, writes to say that his eldest sister has just entered the holy state of acrimony. The young cynic.

. . . . . .

To find the bridegroom in one of these photos of Guards' weddings is a sort of cross-sword puzzle.

. . . . . .

THE recent floods lent a piquancy to the statement of the gentleman who declared that he had a river at the bottom of his garden.

. . . . . .

IN view of the imminent demolition of the buildings opposite Balliol College it is to be hoped that the Corporation of Oxford will take Broad views.

. . .

THE taxi-driver who was told to drive to 2a Hay Hill, even now cannot pronounce it correctly.

. . .

THE Eights for the Oxford "Toggers" are said to be above the average. And yet a certain coach was heard to quote Kipling's "For now these boats are more like hell than anything else I know."

. . .

LLOYDS' choir recently rendered a version of "I saw three ships" on the steps of the Royal Exchange. And apparently not one of them was overdue.

. . .

TOMMY had been taken to the Zoo, and explained on his return that he had seen the tigers, elephants, bears and red deer, etc.

"And what did daddy like best?" asked his mother.

"Well," replied the sophisticated youngster, "it was all I could do to get him away from the *Black Seal!*"

HARTLEY CARRICK

THE BETTOR BIT By CUNINGHAM

HE: "On New Year's Day I swore off betting, smoking and drinking for a year"

SHE: "Bet you a box of cigars and a bottle of whisky you don't keep it for a month"

HE: "Done! That's a bet!"

A Wait-y Problem

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

MRS. BROADGUSSET TO MR. B. *(an inveterate first-nighter)*: "It's not that I mind waiting till the theatre's ready—but suppose they change their minds and turn it into a town hall?"

Produced December 26, 1924

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THIS must be the ideal pantomime, with its mingled excellences of splendour and fun. It is formally opened by the Clown with his jovial "Here We Are Again!" and after that we begin to settle down in anticipation of a joyous evening. The Prologue shows us a Witch, who dominates the scene very much like her counterparts in Willy Shakespeare's well-known play, *Macbeth*. In her home in a Ruined Abbey she prepares all sorts of horrid spells for Mother Goose's annoyance; and she is assisted by a grinning fellow with horns on his head, and you don't want to ask twice where *he* comes from. But the Witch's spells cannot avail against the power of the Good Fairy Heartsease, who is impressively represented by Miss Florence Saunders, a tall and graceful young lady of imposing beauty.

IN the next scene we have The Riverside Cottage, which is of the decorative kind favoured by painters in bright water-colours. There are troops of sprightly children, who work as children should, as though they were thoroughly enjoying their job; there are lively comedians, and last, but in no wise least, there are beautiful ladies, by no means overclad, so that by a discreet mingling of observation and conjecture you can conclude quite accurately that most of them are quite perfect types of the form divine. The chief comedians are the versatile Mr. Shaun Glenville and Wee Georgie Wood, the strangely immature young man who, like his famous prototype, refuses to grow up. Wee Georgie Wood still has the appearance of a very juvenile comedian, and if he were really as young as he looks he would certainly be a very precocious child indeed. It used to be said that you can't put old heads on young shoulders, but lots of things have changed since the War.

LIKE a good many people who prosper by the simple method of avoiding their lawful obligations, Mother Goose leads a happy and frolicsome life in spite of the fact that she owes several quarters' rent to her landlord, sternly represented by Mr. Bernard Dudley, whose "Trawler" song in the foregoing production was the talk of the Town. But even a landlord will turn, and Mother Goose's landlord proves in the end to be a hard, grasping person (all landlords are, round about rent-day). So he sends a small army of brokers' men to seize the old lady's furniture, which, judging by the samples that are pitched unceremoniously into the road, can hardly pay for the cost of distraint. But Mother Goose's family is an active one. As fast as the household gods are brought down to earth, as it were, the children rush the articles indoors again, to the delight of everyone. Landlords do not get much sympathy, especially nowadays, when they positively have the effrontery to expect regular payment for the use of their property.

MOTHER GOOSE has the advantage of the rest of us to the extent that she has a Good Fairy watching over her. I have no Good Fairy of the kind for myself; but I expect that is because I need so much watching. The Fairy

Heartsease, observing Mother Goose's chronic impecuniosity, very obligingly sends her a Goose that lays Golden Eggs, which is, naturally, a distinct achievement in these days, when there is so much fuss made about laying half-a-brick. The Goose is played with a rare art by Mr. Fred Conquest, who makes his bird do almost anything except talk. After seeing Mr. Conquest's performance, if anyone should call me a goose in future, I shall take it as a compliment.

THE egg-laying feat is made the subject of a bustlingly droll scene by the Goose family, which includes Mother, Jack, Jill, and Robbie, Jill's only true love. The Goose is heard cackling in the distance, and then there is a dull thud. Mother Goose runs away to investigate, and returns joyfully with a Golden Egg. The Goose begins cackling again, and again the family hears something drop. And again and again, and so on. Each succeeding time the Egg that is laid is bigger than the one before it, so that at last the very net result of the knowing bird's

effort is as much as one person can carry. If that Goose is not careful it will be up against its Trade Union for working overtime. Mother Goose thus becomes distressingly rich, and can think only in terms of Eggs, which are her system of currency, so that she is able to point to her new frock and explain that it cost exactly an Egg and a half. Hence, no doubt, the term "Shell out."

FRED CONQUEST AS THE GOLDEN GOOSE

THUS from picturesque poverty Mother Goose is abruptly translated to dazzling wealth. Then, as the old saying is, Much would have More. Not content with health and wealth, usually regarded as the ideal combination, she has a fatal craving for Beauty. It has been premised by some insolent fellow that ladies would often have more beauty if they were less diligent in their pursuit of that elusive quality. The frantic extent to which this pursuit is carried in modern times is made here the subject of an extremely beautiful ballet, entitled "A Dream of Beauty." Gorgeous ladies strut about the stage representing almost everything essential to beauty's toilet, from the bath-sponge to the lip-stick; and there is, of course, a lot of reading between these two lines.

DOROTHY WARD AS ROBBIE

A BRILLIANT scene is the Hall of Gold, the dazzling splendour of which is very reminiscent of that precious metal. Miss Dorothy Ward, who is, if I may venture the compliment, a dream of beauty on her own account, is the central figure of the scene with her bright singing and her comical chorus of tiny girls who troop on the stage with wigs of very golden hair. Then there is a lively dancer who has not only golden locks, but a golden frock and golden underneaths as well, thus presenting a delicate vision of pink and gold like a sunrise in the Spring. There is so much gold in this scene that you begin to understand why the sovereign has been withdrawn from circulation. The metal was wanted at the Hippodrome.

MR. SHAUN GLENVILLE is the ideal comedian for the part of Mother Goose. He knows all the best of the well-known wheezes, and he brings into use many novelties of his own. It is a sheer delight to see him as the richly apparelled Mother Goose walking backwards, and getting more and more mixed up with his long train till the inevitable happens and he falls with the bump that is always so amusing to the looker-on. Then when Mother Goose goes to sit on her high throne, and falls with the throne upset on the top of her, we all laugh uproariously. Of course, much depends on your own private notion of what is humour; but I am pleased to say that I have a rather small mind, and I can laugh at this sort of nonsense as readily as the rawest schoolboy.

WEE GEORGIE WOOD is a comedian of a different stamp. His early attempts at love-making are very quaint and amusing; and in a cross-talk scene with Mr. Glenville, when he is being told the true story of George Washington,

and wants to know Why all the time, he is very good fun. A little later in the piece Mr. W. G. Wood has a song about the little piggies that went to market. It is sheer nonsense, of course, but this diminutive entertainer raises it to the level of

high art. He has his audience well in hand right from the start, and when he appeals for a word or two of the chorus the answer is a mighty shout which would literally bring the house down if the Hippodrome had been built on the lines of Jericho of old. Miss Isobel Elsom, usually to be seen in sterner entertainments, has not much to do in the pantomime except to look pretty, but as she is well qualified for the part by nature, nobody can grumble. *Mother Goose* is beyond question the leading pantomime of the season. JINGLE

PARISIANA

By "René"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

"Asti is the bad girl's beverage"

Mes Amis—

Theophraste, of course, is not really a stranger. We have had words—and wassail—with him before. But it seems so very, very long ago, that memories of Theophraste must have dimmed. It lingers in the mind that we used to call him Aste, because his full name sounded so frightfully theological—which was *mal-apropos*.

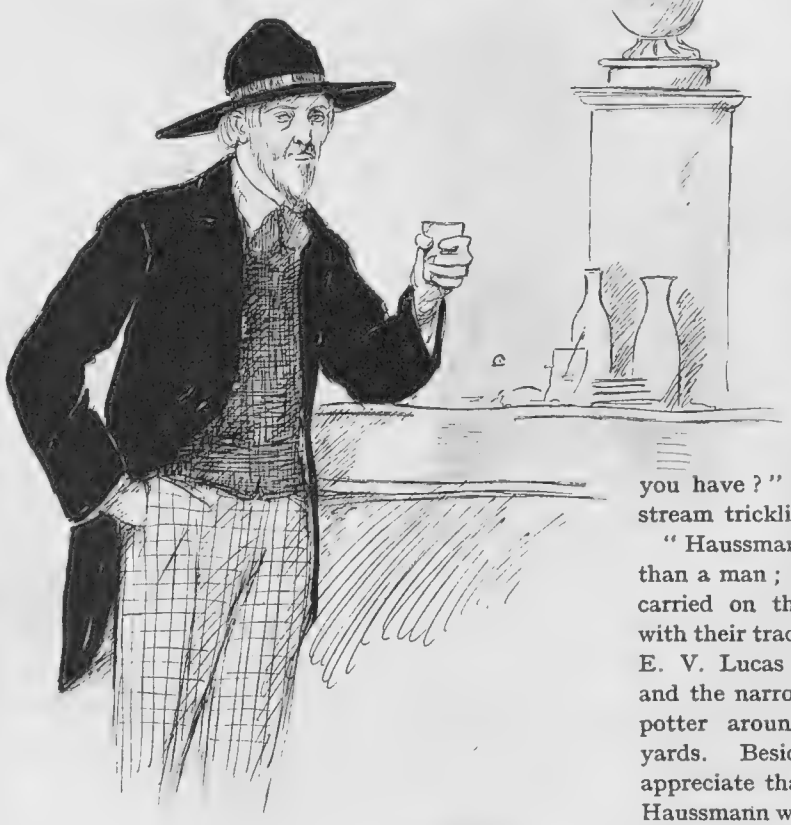
Also because Aste revived not altogether unpleasant memories connected with the wine of similar sound, if slightly different spelling, Asti being the bad girl's beverage, which sweet-palated young things, seventeenish, gurgled for as a sure means of enthusing an otherwise lukewarm affection.

Alors, Theophraste having faded out for such a while, he had better be presented as a total stranger, to avoid confusion with Alfred or Aristide or Harriesbar and similar personalities *bien Parisien*—all the best Parisians being imports who have effaced their trade-mark, or country-of-origin stamp.

Certainly it would be appallingly difficult to indicate Theophraste's country of origin. He drinks Pilsener with Czecho-Slovaks, cocktails with Americans, whisky with Scotsmen, Bass with Britons, Guinness with Sinn Feiners, Anjou with Aristide, *coups de blanc* with the natives, and East-Siders with Alfred—the last being the mark of fervent fraternity. Anyone who can drink an East-Side without a lust for fratricide is a friend indeed.

And Theophraste can swear or sing in the language of his drink. (That's not quite how it ought to be put, of course, but you know what I mean.) *Quand-même*, Aste is a useful fellow to be a friend to—or of—as he knows quite a lot and almost everybody. He is one of the most successful exponents of the theory that everything comes to him who waits.

He keeps on waiting at the bar, buoyed up by the knowledge—periodically supported by the proof implied in "What'll you have?"—which has a much happier ending than "What'll I do?"—that somebody who may be a Somebody will eventually feel a call to the same bar and be prepared to commune. Theophraste is a communist



"Theophraste"

—accenting the middle syllable—of the better sort. He exists for communing. In his communings he imbibes, and imparts, an abundance of worldly wisdom.

Personally, I was particularly delighted to re-enter into communion with Theophraste at this epoch-making period—just when the Boulevard Haussmann is about to make a great advance towards completion. Aste is one of the few immovable optimists who have always believed, even in the most depressing days, that the Boulevard Haussmann eventually would be completed.

You, who would have just as much appetite for your bacon and eggs and other island glories if the Boulevard Haussmann never were completed, cannot comprehend what a treasury this represents in moral courage. You have not rocked to the gibes of the revue comedians, torturing the ghost of poor old Baron Haussmann, who made the straighter streets of Paris—those that Mr. E. V. Lucas is unable to wander in—but who could not extend an otherwise blameless life sufficiently to attend the completion of the boulevard to which he bestowed a worthy name. He died in 1891, the distance from which emphasises Aste's optimism.

Theophraste, who would never stoop to the banalities of "I told you so," introduced the topic of the day in his habitually delicate manner, by recalling succulent dishes we had enjoyed together in one of the restaurants which will shortly be pulled down. Early in his reminiscences his throat obviously became very dry, and a "What'll you have?" was necessary to get the stream trickling again.

"Haussmann," he said, "was more than a man; he was the big idea. He carried on the spirit of the Romans with their tradition for running straight. E. V. Lucas may prefer the crooked and the narrow streets, but he likes to potter around and peer into courtyards. Besides, he probably doesn't appreciate that a completed Boulevard Haussmann would cut five francs off the taxi-fare to Longchamp."

(Continued on page 82)

Montmartre's Lesser Night-Lights

BY BERT WILSON

A few cabaret impressions in a region where cabaret has not yet entirely lost its true meaning

"Searching for hairs from a yellow and black cat"

THE discussion of the Boulevard Haussmann having so swiftly descended to sordid levels, and as Mr. Lucas cannot really be blamed for the fifty years delay, it appeared advisable to change the subject. I asked Aste if he had read a certain well-known journalist's interview with Blasco Ibanez at Menton. "He says Ibanez kept his hand in his pocket all the time 'clutching a revolver' just as Ludendorff did when he interviewed that old war-dog at Munich. You know that journalist. Does that hand in the pocket say anything to you, Aste?" I asked.

"It points to a sad future for borrowing men," he said, rather bitterly. "People of that sort don't waste bullets on journalists, but they used to be willing to contribute the return fare to unwelcome interviewers. The hand that clasps the wallet crabs the style.

"THERE are too many innovators around," continued Theophraste, getting up steam. "It becomes almost indecent. All day long people I know only remotely have been stroking my overcoat. At first I thought they were caressing me. But they were amateur detectives searching for hairs from a yellow and black cat, which appear to be clues to a murder. Do I look like a man who would make a pet of a yellow and black cat? Then why should these unremunerated criminologists reflect on my habits of propriety by insinuating that I am at outs with the clothes-brush.

"IT is an age of vandals and vandalism. We are encompassed by wreckers of homes and destroyers of legends. Could you learn without a clutch at the heart that monsters have been born, nourished and raised to what is supposed to be the age of discretion, then to embark upon the destruction of the *vieux port* at Marseilles—that lovely old harbour that was blocked up by a giant sardine.

"Elle n'est pas si mal que ça"

"WHAT pagans of progress, iconoclasts of iniquity? René, these raspatory renovators must be stopped, thwarted, suppressed. They are too unclean to live. Why should people deranged by a little brief authority seek to supplant the dear-old by the mere-new? Would that they could be imbued by the spirit of my old friend, Professor Toutalarêve, who has discovered that the rhythm of the tango is similar to that of the alexandrine, and that the inventor of the fox-trot must have modelled his rhythm on the light verse of Horace and Martial. Such discoveries are soothing, not heart-lacerating like the attempt to 'improve' a dreamy old harbour out of existence.

"THERE is always something of beauty and perhaps of success—which will appeal to the more mercenary minded—about the old, if you but know how to appraise or apply it. Take the case of the old song 'Ernest, Ernest,' which never could be popularised. A man with the big idea applied to the neglected tune the profound reflection, '*Elle n'est pas si mal que ça*,' and immediately had everybody singing with him. It's a very profound truth that nothing's so bad as it is if you only——

"Thanks, I don't mind if I do; your interventions are sparing but pertinent." RENÉ

A CURE is said to have been discovered for wrinkles. Many flappers, however, can't help picking 'em up.

. . . .

THE rivalry between shingling and bobbing is, apparently, to continue. We believe that the former will just about win by a short head.

. . . .

IT was our privilege recently to hear a gallant officer maintain that it was rum that was mainly responsible for the Navy's efficiency. It is only fair to state that the officer himself was soaked in tradition.

Not Dressed for Calling

BY NORMAN KEENE

HUSBAND: "There's the 'phone"
WIFE: "Can't you answer it, dear? I'm frightfully untidy!"

"THE WHI

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

E HOPE"

Two Down at the Turn—

BY H. H. HARRIS

—And Probably One to Go!

By Lunt Roberts

SOMETHING TO RAIL AT

American: "Yep, it sure is a vurry dandy e-rection but, why the heck did they construct it so near the railroad"

THE RIGHT TO PLAY

By VERA BERINGER

"Please will you speak to Jill?" said a little boy friend of mine plaintively the other day. "She's being cwoss and won't play." Tears of disappointment stood in his eyes. I did my best to put his small world right side up for him, for I knew so well what he was feeling. Someone to play with, is it not what most of us look for, in our hearts? The ideal companion must, surely, be the ideal playmate as well. There are a good many Jills in the world, I am thinking; of all ages, shapes and sizes. In other respects they may be most excellent, capable, praiseworthy women, but—they just "won't play."

By "play" I do not mean the restless rushing about from one entertainment to another in a futile endeavour to find distraction, but the fun of the little things of life, the "let's pretend" which we can indulge in ourselves, without having to go to the theatre to watch other people doing it.

It is my belief that men retain this youthful faculty of "playing" more often than women. The eternal boy survives in most of them to the end.

Peter Pan is not restricted to Kensington Gardens, but is to be found walking hand-in-hand with the most learned, the most dignified, the most unexpected of men. Who is it at the seaside who puts the bucket and spade into father's, or even into grandfather's hand, and helps him, not only to build a castle, but to stand proudly on its peak as its king? Peter, of course. Who is it who sails a toy ship with that same full-grown man on the round sea of the enchanted Gardens themselves? Peter again.

Who else leads men on to indulge in the pranks, harmless or otherwise, which raise the scornful comment "At his age, too!" And who but Peter could give them the knowledge that when they hurt themselves against life, and want someone to kiss the place and make it well they will not appeal in vain to the maternal side of a woman's love. There is nothing much he does not know about the mother in all of us. Jack will never be a dull boy so long as he keeps Peter for a pal.

And what about the Jill who wants to play too? How terrible for her when in a mood of irresponsibility, of froth, to be faced by the husbandly admonition of "Do be sensible, my dear." Sensible, indeed! As if any really sensible woman would consent to live under such a slur. What she wants to do is to give vent to her joy in life, to throw off bubbles as it were; bubbles that quickly become flat, and disappear when exposed to the chilling air of over-literalness and a surplus of commonsense. Have we not the right to play—yes, even to play the fool, when the spirit calls most of us, as Heaven be praised it does at some time or other? The freemasonry of folly can be shared by men and women. It is a gift from the gods, which, if mortals are lucky enough to have bestowed upon them, they should hold for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, till death parts or re-unites them.

Shakespeare's immortal hint to humanity that we are all "players" should not be ignored. Lucky the man who, after his final exit, has written up as his epitaph: "He Made Everything Such Fun."

Some Happy Winter Travellers on the Great

L. N. A.

GETTING ON THE MARK AT PONTRESINA

Mr. Vivian Phillips (left), Mr. G. H. Venables, Miss Vivian Phillips, Mr. H. M. Abrahams (the champion sprinter) and Mr. Wilson Walker

L. N. A.

WELL CAUGHT!

The camera catches Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Harvey in merry mood at Mürren. Mr. Harvey is the Honorary Secretary of the British Ski Association

Topical

"A little bit of what you fancy" evidently does you good in a Fancy Dress toboggan race at Arosa

L. N. A.

AT THE SLOPE

Miss Mollie Thorne, in the uniform of a chief ski-er of the Swiss Navy, on the slopes above Mürren

P. and A.

SO THIS IS SWITZERLAND

Miss Ethel Muckalt, the English lady champion skater—not on pleasure "bent" but practising for the Davos Championships

Topical

COLD COMFORT

Lady Alexandra Curzon, youngest daughter of the Marquis of Curzon, at St. Moritz

White Way in Switzerland

L. N. A.

CRAMMING IN THE VAC.

The Oxford Ski team out practising before meeting Cambridge at Wengen. Names: C. G. Pitman, J. P. Carlton, Lord Knebworth, C. W. Mackintosh (Captain) and I. F. Bowater

Topical

SKI-ING CHIC

Lady Abdy, the wife of Sir Robert Abdy, Bt., in a captivating winter sports costume at St. Moritz

Central Press

A DOUBLE AND SPLASH

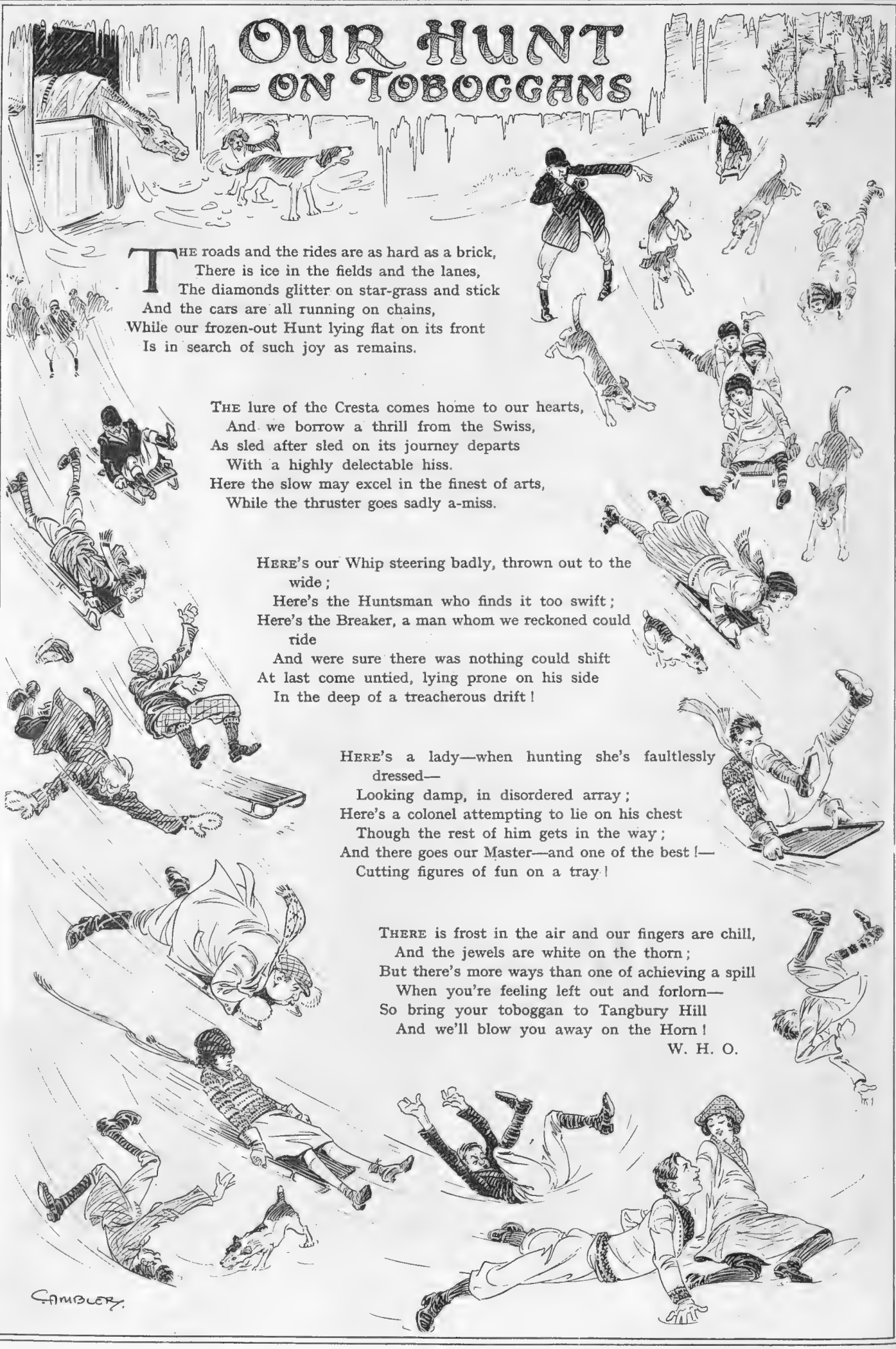
Mr. Davencourt and his pretty wife (whose stage name is Zoe Hall) indulging in a delightful domestic scene at St. Moritz

L. N. A.

FAIR (ISLE) AND WARMER

Some new designs for cross-word puzzles in the jumper line at Mürren. No prizes for rude or incorrect answers—nor need the words be *very* cross

Our Hunt—on Toboggans



THE roads and the rides are as hard as a brick,
There is ice in the fields and the lanes,
The diamonds glitter on star-grass and stick
And the cars are all running on chains,
While our frozen-out Hunt lying flat on its front
Is in search of such joy as remains.

THE lure of the Cresta comes home to our hearts,
And we borrow a thrill from the Swiss,
As sled after sled on its journey departs
With a highly delectable hiss.
Here the slow may excel in the finest of arts,
While the thruster goes sadly a-miss.

HERE'S our Whip steering badly, thrown out to the wide;
Here's the Huntsman who finds it too swift;
Here's the Breaker, a man whom we reckoned could ride
And were sure there was nothing could shift
At last come untied, lying prone on his side
In the deep of a treacherous drift!

HERE'S a lady—when hunting she's faultlessly dressed—
Looking damp, in disordered array;
Here's a colonel attempting to lie on his chest
Though the rest of him gets in the way;
And there goes our Master—and one of the best!—
Cutting figures of fun on a tray!

THERE is frost in the air and our fingers are chill,
And the jewels are white on the thorn;
But there's more ways than one of achieving a spill
When you're feeling left out and forlorn—
So bring your toboggan to Tangbury Hill
And we'll blow you away on the Horn!

W. H. O.

C. AMBLER.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. AMBLER

"Ship Me Somewhere East of Suez"—

Dorothy Wilding

—If all the ladies of the Orient are as alluring as this one. The lady in question is Miss Juliette Compton, of "Charlot's Revue" at the Prince of Wales Theatre, in the Eastern kit seen above. Alas, however, many who paid an enforced visit to the East some years ago found that this is very far from being the case!

A Cool Card

BY BERT THOMAS

A STUDY IN PATIENCE IN A DENTIST'S WAITING-ROOM

YOGO HAMA'S SARTORIAL SNIPPETS

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

ARE it not a very rejoiceful fact to consider that at last we are now in 1925 and may strive to pleasurably forget our good resolvings and suchly New Year pains which we suffered to inflict because of wishing to grow better and more ecclesiastical lifes? O yes, it are all so very well to keep good resolvings, to disembark from bed with a 5 or 6 *a.m.* lark or other early fowl, to seek to perform goodish deeds and suchly non-earthly pursuits, but consider how glump and morosish we become while seeking to perform these celestial burdens. Thanks to goodness, we mostly of us do not long strain to achieve these pleasureless promises, otherwisely we should succeed to all become saints and bishoprics and lead only good and happyless lifes till we died in a sanctimonious or suchly ecclesiastical odour. But now, I bemuse joyishly, the New Year are sufficiently old for us to settle ourselves to be merry and non-celestial like as in 1924 and enjoy pleasant sins and numerous other esteemed carnal blessings. Myself, after some days of happyless virtues and non-joy goodnesses, have resolve to not any more strive to grow an angel or suchly feathered biped, but to be gay and happy and wicked. Thusly I tear out my new leaves which I turned over and perform a dance on my good resolvings.

"Come, Mr. Y. Hama, this are very shocking confessions, and it should not surprise me if they made to weep some angels for you. Also are this not very bad exampling for Hon. BYSTANDER readers who have vowed themselves to grow pure and chaste for 1925?" you deplore, Hon. Sir?

My commentings, I response, are very strong meats and not compose for babes, non-carnals or other sucklings. Indeedly, they are very to the contrary because of my so rakeish and worldly pen which has made me to become very dreadful and famous all over the Anglo-speaking continents.

"That are so, I fear, Mr. Y. Hama, and causes to show that 1 cannot be a genious and also virtuous at the same time concurrently, unless 1 is Hon. Sir Bernard Shaw who supports himself on nuts, hay and suchly theological foods. Let us, then, leave these philosophics and descend ourselves to brass tacks. Can you prognose us some 1925 fashions in trouserings and other facts?" you beseek?

Indeedly yes, Hon. Sir, and I shall produce you a very exclusive fashion scoopings from Savill's Row which are very patent and copyright. I have been inform by stupendously high fashions official, that trousers will be worn this season by all upper 10 persons. They will be very full in the gusts, so we can climb in and out of them without assistants. Very exclusive persons will have these bifurcations measured to fit, but more non-expensive specimens may be purchase for on or about 21/11¾. Impoverish gents who seek to be economically fashionable can make purchase 2-rd-hand non-mentionables from Dukes, Barts and suchly peerages for 10 or 12/6 per set. These are politely cut and if re-upholstered by Hon. lodgings-lady, should look to appear very chick, also keep out draughts and other Spring gales if requisitely upheld. I have received to understand (this are *very* exclusive informations to Hon. Bystanders only) that Savill's Row garment purveyors will furnish new suitings at 1/- per weekly installings, if saidly persons can produce to show 6 copies of my commentings. But if aforesaidly persons achieve only non-payments, their non-mentionables will suffer a distraint in lieu and be re-purveyed to pay expenses and other trespasses.

"Dance on my good resolvings"

"Trousers will be worn this season"

"Fig. 4 plate"

In the next 3 or 5 months or so, we shall have the Spring season when gardening and other horticultural games will be fashionable. I have made consult a very celebrate garments professor for tippings on suitable garden clothings.

"You may tell Hon. Bystanders that this are very important question," he inform. "This athletical pastime are indulged by the lowest to the highest 10's and therefore necessitates that good breeding persons should distinguish themselves by suitable garments from persons who have not any breedings at all. If you will glance to Fig. 4 plate, you shall see a very delicious plan for a 1925 gardening trousseau as vizly: a vegetable straw hat in case of sun or other strokes, a coat with swallows or suchly bird tails which produces a poetish effect, and a set of plus 4's complete a very savoury *negilege* for open and other windy spaces.

"This should cost only 5 to 7£'s, or 10/- on a nail and 1/6 per weekly. As very special favour we shall make to grant certificated Hon. Bystanders 5 or 7 per cent. discounts for non-tick payments. This costume, I prognose, shall become a rage in all county and other very A.1 agricultural families."

"And what," I seek to require, "of sophisticate persons who do not dote for these so simple sportings?"

"Suchly persons," Hon. professor response, "will continue to wear full garments in all branches. Femns, howeverly, will cultivate their hair still much shorter than ever, also they will grow more tubular till they have not any figures or other pleasing bumps. This proves to show they are growing to become very non-feminate, but pure and earthless like water and other cylindrical pipes, without any blandishes to make masc persons negotiate non-theological or chasteless thoughts. This shall make very wrathish the opposite sect, who will perhapsly grow wild hairs all over them for spite, then develop to be very beautiful instead of only useful for work and other hard beans. A very celebrate artist has depicted a fashions plate for 1925 which I permit you shall publish gratis free." (Permit I suggest this should make very delicious BYSTANDER supplement if print exquisitely in 3 or other suitable colours.—Y. H.)

But let us leave these so sophistical aspects and change to become very simple and non-adorned. Spring, I ejacule, are on the way; Spring when, as Hon. Sir Wm. Shakespeare so poemfully adumbrates, youngish masc persons turn some thoughts to love and kissings because saidly Spring makes us to fill with love and sap. How sweetish it are, I whimple, to sit with a lush and fragrant fair in a gloaming or other suitable retreating spot, to bandy kisses and spoonings. Permit I should disgorge you a smallish but sweet afflatus which should be blown to the sound of Mendeljohn's patent Spring Song as vizly:

"Spring makes us to fill with love"

How sweet it are to bandy kisses,
With some 1925 tubular misses,
For though they live in rubber cases,
We still enjoy to kiss their faces.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, you are still suffering throes of good healths, I remain,

Yogo Hama

"Fashions plate for 1925"

IT is only by dint of shopping that a woman can get to the clothes of a perfect day.

PRACTICAL MEANINGS OF EVERYDAY WORDS NO. 9

THE WORLD

—a going concern which spins merrily round on its own axis, and which mankind has appropriated to see if he can make it go round faster.

It is believed to have chosen Burton-on-Trent for its axis, in order that the brewing of Worthington should be carried on without disturbance.

BREWERS BY APPOINTMENT

Worthington

BURTON-ON-TRENT

BUCHANAN'S
"BLACK & WHITE"
SCOTCH WHISKY

BY APPOINTMENT

BY APPOINTMENT.

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO., LTD. are in the predominant and unrivalled position of holding the largest stocks of old matured Scotch Whisky in Bond in Scotland and are thus able to maintain the great superiority of the quality of "BLACK & WHITE."

THE IMPORTANCE of (CROSS) WORDS

By Blanchette *Illustrated by Helen McKie*

"Cross Words"

LONDON, *January* 12

DEAR COUSIN—

'SNO doubt about it. We may have won the late War (though, judging by the latest news our friend the Hun's going to see about *that* quite shortly), but otherwise and in other directions we've been 'pletely and entirely conquered. Our victor (six letters, synonym for Cæsar and the All Blacks and late proprietor of a night club) being—well, need I say? Aren't we all, even the very highest and lowest of us, s'lutely in the throes of cross-word-puzzling this very moment as ever is?

"Our friend the Hun"

POS'TIVELY unheard and undreamt of sale of dictionaries they tell me there is at this present juncture, and well-nigh as much profiteering to be done therein as f'rinstance in ships *pendant la guerre*, if you've only got the nerve and the vim and all that sort of thing. And if only anyone'd had the bright idea of doing what they call a corner in 'em, verily believe he, she, or it 'd 've amassed so much wealth that they could never have possibly avoided a peerage or at the very least a knighthood in the next New Year's honours.

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NOT that *I've* got anything up against cross-words. I simply adore 'em. Quite the loveliest thing that's happened for years and years and years, and then some, as am told they put it 'cross the Atlantic—where, by the way, I b'lieve the cross-words first came from. So useful they are f'rinstance for filling in odd moments or hiatuses 'tween tea and dinner or any old time when you happen to have people on your hands to amuse and don't know what on *earth* to do with 'em. (Can always amuse *myself* quite comfortably, thanks very much, can't you, dear cousin, whatever the emergency, if they'll only leave me alone, but that's by the way.)

卐

SOMETHING so nice and simple about cross-words, too, isn't there? Not in solving 'em, I don't mean, but the whole d'lightful idea. One of those touches of nature that make the whole world kin, so to speak. And sets dukes and dustmen hobnobbing together, as you might say. Destroys, too, at one fell swoop all the so-called barriers of class and wealth, 'cos no one really cares 'bout the prizes so much as the mere joy and triumph of act'lly finding out what that word of two letters is, *par exemple*, that means a Chinese Emperor, or the six-letter one that's a synonym for L.

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REALLY do b'lieve, you know, that it's brightened us up, too, quite wonderfully where we most needed it, as in countless quiet and peaceful suburbanist circles to wit. Where they haven't any real conversation of their own, I mean, but just tell each other bits of the morning or evening paper, and are done to the wide if the other persons happens to've read about it first. And after all, you can't go on talking *all* the time about floods and gales, and whether the weather'll hold well enough for Phyllis to have the divers along to salve her drawing-room furniture at Maidenhead next week-end, and that manner of thing, now, can you?

WHEREAS with this present blessing of the C.W.P. all sorts and kinds of difficulties are instantly and immediately solved and composed. Also being, incident'ly, most elevating and instructive, seeing that 'stead of discussing servants, or the Browns or the Robinsons, or what the dear vicar said last Sunday, said people 've got to go delving and exploring into all sorts of unknown parts like Antananarivo and Pernambuco and Peru to find their words, and wander in and out of the classics, and dip into the literature of France and Italy and Greece, and even—odd's it may seem—act'lly sometimes get almost a nodding acquaintance with some of the books and records of this poor effete old England of ours.

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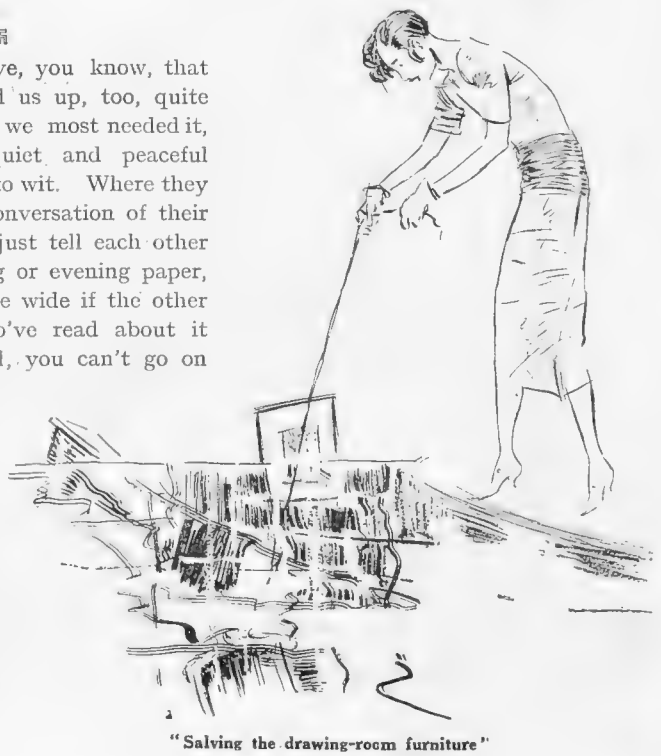
MUST say I love cross-words, meself, if only 'cos it sort of brings home to one the—in a manner of speaking—poetry and dignity of some words. Like Aldebaran, for example, or Betelgeuse. Stasis is a good one, too, and so's anabasis and theory and fulness and gloom. All so 'xactly express what



"Salving the drawing-room furniture"

they mean, don't they, and full of lights and colours and all sorts of deep meanings that you don't see at mere casual first sight and 'fore you come to ponder over 'em in a sort of expert and connoisseurish way. And after all, words, you know, do in the end count for such a lot, however the mere men and women of "action" may contemn and despise 'em.

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FOR one thing—has it ever struck you?—nothing really very greatly or finally counts in this so-called civilisation of ours until it's crystallised into words. No, not anything, not even the most importantest of things. Breathes there a woman, f'rinstance, with soul so dead that she'd let herself be properly kissed till the man had at the very least whispered (even if she never even dreamt of believing it) "*Je t'aime*," or words to that effect, and anyway implying that she was just for that moment, to say the least of it, the complete and perfect peach? (Loud cries of "No, No," from all the assembled multitude.)

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WONDERFUL world it is, you know, this. Here they've started charging us two bob a time for trimming our shingled hair every week, for one thing, and in Paris everyone's carrying dolls about wherever they go, as a sort of innocent smart craze. Poor things—and to think that we once thought Paris was so dashing and immoral. Pos'tively b'lieve, 'tween you and me, that for real revelry nowadays we should have to go to a *thé dansant* at Tooting (if there really is such a place).

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ODD stockings, too—that's 'nother of the latest crazes—or at any rate that wonderful Phyllis Monkman has given 'em a running start, so to speak, in *Charlot's Revue* at the Prince of Wales's. One gold one she wears,

"Two bob a time for trimming our shingled hair"

and one pale blue—and 'markably nice the general effect thereof is, too. So p'raps now and henceforward we shall cease from our immemorial and slavish habit of having them both of one colour, and just pull 'em out of the drawer as they happen to come. Save quite a lot of good and useful time, too, that might be better spent shopping or dancing, or golfing or whatnot, won't it?

TALKING of dancing, though, it really is a rather serious subject just now, isn't it, 'sidering the frightful things people 're telling us 'bout how it gives us sore throats, and that sort of thing—owing 'parently to the dust we cause to rise from the floor? So in future, of course, I'm going to order a watering cart in to Ciro's or the Embassy 'fore starting my evening's entertainment and no doubt it'll be properly welcomed, what?

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ALSO 'parently anything in the way of dance teas or tea dances is abs'lutely Anathema and Maranatha, and any other bad words you can think of, to all the best Harley Street experts—they do keep us in order, don't they? Tea being described by one of 'em, *par exemple*, as a meal whereof it is difficult to write in terms of suitable restraint. . . . The whole fashion of any meal of any sort between luncheon and dinner is nothing short of grotesque gormandising. . . . Cheering news, *n'est-ce-pas*? And isn't it a perfectly frightful thought that you and I'll prob'ly go on grotesquely gormandising from day to day, month to month and year to year till further notice, spite of all the experts say

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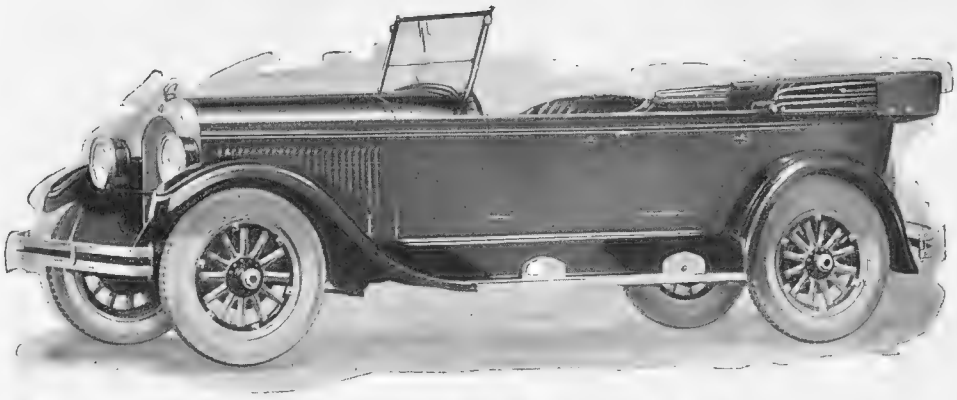
WORDS—after all it's only words, and if they're cross words I never really take any notice, do you?

With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

A SUNNY SCENE IN JAMAICA

A glimpse of the Milk River in Jamaica, the mineral springs of which are famous for their radio-active properties. Those at Bath are nine times as active as the waters of its British namesake. Jamaica as a winter health resort is becoming increasingly popular, with its easy travelling facilities and the many appealing claims of an equable climate, delightful scenery and the romantic interest of its stormy history



Phaeton Touring Car - - £465

Coupe - - - - - - - £565
Imperial Saloon - - - £625
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Brougham - - - - - £595
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We shall be pleased to arrange for deferred payments.

Features of the Chrysler "Six" that give results never before known

The Tubular Front Axle and Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes

The addition of front wheel brakes to a motor car may appear to be a simple matter. But the engineers who designed the Chrysler "Six" were not satisfied merely to increase braking efficiency at the expense of something else. To them, added brakes meant nothing less than replacing the conventional type of front axle with a special tubular axle scientifically designed to resist the terrific torsional or twisting strains of front wheel braking. This is but one of many features of the Chrysler "Six" which make for results never before achieved. Others may be gleaned from the following abridged specification.

ABRIDGED SPECIFICATION

ENGINE—21.6 horse-power R.A.C. rating; developing nearly 70 horse-power. Six cylinders cast in block. Removable head.
CRANKSHAFT—Drop forging, supported on seven bronze-backed, babbitt-lined bearings. Machined all over and statically and dynamically balanced.
CAMSHAFT—Drop forged, carburized and hardened. Four bearings. Oil pump driven off camshaft.
PISTONS—Light weight alloy; bridge type, slotted skirt design.
LUBRICATION—Engine: High pressure to all crankshaft, connecting rod and camshaft bearings; oil cleansed and cooled by circulation through filter on dash. Chassis: High pressure gun system.
COOLING—Water, circulated by pump. Honeycomb radiator with detachable shell. Radiometer on dash registers temperature of water.
CARBURETTOR—Zenith. Equipped with centrifugal air cleaner.
IGNITION—Bosch Magneto.
STARTING AND LIGHTING—Electric two-unit system.
FUEL SYSTEM—Vacuum system. Petrol tank in rear.
STEERING GEAR—Semi-irreversible worm and nut type, right hand drive.
FRONT AXLE—Tubular. Chrome molybdenum steel, heat-treated.
REAR AXLE—Semi-floating. CLUTCH—Multiple dry disc.
GEARBOX—Three speeds forward and reverse, selective sliding gears.
BRAKES—Foot: Chrysler-Lockheed Hydraulic on all four wheels. Hand: External, contracting on drum on transmission shaft.
SPRINGS—Chrome Vanadium steel, heat-treated. Semi-elliptic.
WHEELS—Wood, artillery type. Detachable rims.
EQUIPMENT includes: Snubbers, gearbox lock, windscreen wiper, engine-driven horn, five semi-balloon cord tyres, flush type cowl ventilator, nickel radiator.

Maxwell-Chrysler Motors, Ltd., Maxwell Works, Mortlake Road, Kew Gardens, Surrey.
Wholesale Distributors & Service Depot for London Area: Maxwell Sales Co., Ltd., 212-214, Great Portland Street, W.1.
Wholesale Distributors & Service Depot for Manchester Area: Wm. Grimshaw & Sons, Ltd., Prestwich, Lancs.
Wholesale Distributors & Service Depot for Irish Free State: F. M. Summerfield, Ltd., Maxwell House, 138, Lower Baggot Street, Dublin. Wholesale Scottish Distributors: Alec Robertson Motors, Ltd., 365, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

The Chrysler Six

RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

Foreign Entries

THAT our neighbours across the Channel should have contributed an important sprinkling to the entries for the spring handicaps is not in the least unexpected. Indeed, it would have been a matter for wonder if they had not put a few animals of genuine class in those events. Our friends have a saying, *l'appetit vient en mangeant*. And having tasted the relish of successes on English racecourses with Epinard, Sir Gallahad, Massine, and several more, they are naturally looking for dishes of the same satisfying variety. Their entries for the Lincoln do not lack for quality.

French Talent

A CERTAIN French colt, Irismond, is well entitled to our respect. He ran fourth in the French Derby, and later in the year Steve Donoghue rode him in the Doncaster St. Leger, in which he performed quite creditably. From the same quarter hails Grillemont, a colt who has distinguished himself in the best company in France. It is obvious, therefore, that racing people across the Channel again have designs on some of our best handicaps. I hope the compilers of the weights will not make the mistake of under-estimating the merits of the French entries. I fear that last year Sir Gallahad was let in the Lincoln much too cheaply. There is an impression that the French three-year-olds last season were a moderate lot, but I do not forget that one of them, Pot au Feu, proved too good for the older horses in the big race at St. Cloud, so they could not have been so bad as is generally supposed. Anyway, our handicappers ought not to take any chances.

Likely Lincoln Horses

ENGLISH classic form is not represented in the Lincoln unless we bring Dawson City into that category. He was beaten soundly enough in the Derby, but that journey was probably too far for him. Towards the end of the season he put up quite a good effort in the Cambridgeshire, and on that form alone he is sure to be much inquired after in connection with the first big handicap of the new season. Mr. Bliss is another likely customer for this race. You will remember the various occasions on which he simply set weight at defiance last season, when he won seven of his eleven races He should not be a difficult sort to get fit early in the year. I had expected to find Caravel in the Lincoln entry, but Alec Taylor seems to fight shy of that race, and no doubt rightly so, as very few of the winners of this handicap do much good later in the season. In the old days, however, the Manton stable turned out more than one Lincoln winner.

By "THE TOUT"

F. P. GILBERT

Who controls the big stable of "jumpers" at Ilsley, among them being such well-known performers as "Chin Chin," "Herod Philip," "Rock Fire," etc. He hails from Malvern, where his father used to train

The Derby Winner

PERHAPS the most unexpected of all the entries is that of Sansovino in the Liverpool Autumn Cup. The Hon. George Lambton is never averse to entering the best horses in his stable in the cup races at Aintree, but it is asking something quite unusual of a Derby winner to appear in a handicap in the opening week of the season. I, for one, shall be much surprised if we see Sansovino in this engagement. If weather conditions remain favourable, we shall not lack for interesting National Hunt sport during the latter half of the present week, seeing that Hurst Park and Newbury are the fixtures. On Wednesday **King Pippin** may win the New Year Hurdle Handicap, and **Hawker** is my selection for the Mitre Steeplechase on the second day at Hurst. At Newbury, **West Countryman** may secure the Sefton Steeplechase, and I shall give **Wandering Monk** another chance in the Berkshire Hurdle Race.

HUNTING NOTES . . . By A. W. Coaten

Sport in Many Countries

FEW followers of hounds have seen sport in more foxhunting countries than the Prince of Wales, and, incidentally, he has played polo on more grounds than the majority of players. He has never missed the chance of a game when abroad, and we may be sure that facilities for a few matches will be provided for him during his coming visit to South Africa. One of his most interesting experiences, however, will be when he goes to the Argentine next year, for there polo is going great guns, and the Prince will be welcomed as an enthusiast in the game. By the way, I have no confirmation so far of the report that the Santa Inés team is to visit England in the coming season. This side won the championship of the Argentine last November, and are strong enough to make any of our best teams go all the way. Their presence would certainly contribute to the liveliness of the new polo season, especially as the American Army team and the Maharajah of Jodhpur's team will also be here.

The Buccleuch

ON several occasions this season the Prince of Wales has made use of Craven Lodge, Melton Mowbray, his former headquarters in the Shires, and Prince Henry has also seen some good sport in Leicestershire. Last week the latter was out with the York and Ainsty while staying at Kirk Hammerton Hall as the guest of his equerry's father, Colonel Stanyforth. Prince Henry will hunt with the Buccleuch Hounds during his stay on the Border. These hounds have been liberally maintained by the Dukes of Buccleuch for about a hundred years, and everything connected with the hunting establishment has always been of the highest order.

A Popular M.F.H.

FOXHOUNDS so completely monopolise the attention of hunting reports that one is inclined to forget that there are nearly fifty packs of harriers in England and Wales, and a good many more in Ireland. Some of them have a history going as far back as the oldest packs of foxhounds. For example, the Cotley Harriers, which hunt a rough and stiffly banked country in Devon, Somerset, and Dorset, have been in existence ever since 1796. They were established as a private pack by the grandfather of the present Master, Mr. Edward Eames, who has hunted them since 1886. A few days ago Mr. Eames was presented with a portrait of himself and his hounds in recognition of his services to hunting during the past forty years. Although the Cotley Hounds comprise twenty-one in harriers of the Old English breed, they do not confine their attention solely to the hare. No regular pack of foxhounds covers their district, so the Cotley hunt fox as well as hare. It is a curious fact that the supply of hares is diminishing in this locality, whereas the stock of foxes is improving.

The Croome

I WROTE last week of the address which the followers of the Croome Hounds intend to present to the Earl and Countess of Coventry on the occasion of their Diamond Wedding. I now learn that the members of this Hunt are looking out for a new M.F.H. The resignation has been received of Mr. W. J. Gresson, who has hunted the country since Lord Charles Bentinck's retirement just before the War. In addition to being a keen foxhunter, Mr. Gresson is interested in racing under National Hunt Rules, and I recall how popular was the success he gained in the United Hunts Challenge Cup at the big Cheltenham meeting last spring. The Croome is a three-days-a-week country, and Mr. Gresson has a guarantee of £1,400 from the subscribers.

The Hereditary Home of the Earl Marshals

LOOKING down upon the old Sussex seaport of Arundel and the beautiful Arun valley, a castle has stood since Alfred the Great made this site his stronghold a thousand years ago. Under the barbican and gateway you see to-day William Rufus passed to celebrate an Easter there.

You might think that the splendid Gothic edifice which now crowns the height had passed almost unscathed through the ensuing centuries. Actually, however, the ancient Castle, in common with many of its earlier noble owners—Fitzalans and Howards—suffered many vicissitudes of fortune, until finally it was almost reduced to ruin in the Civil Wars when the Cromwellians bombarded it from the neighbouring Church tower.

Happily, some portions of the ancient buildings survived this ordeal ; the fine old gateway, the battlemented walls, Earl Rogers Tower, the Norman Keep and some gloomy dungeons remain to tell of the glories and trials of feudal days. Many sections not irretrievably damaged have been faithfully restored, and these, with additions in 13th century style, make this ancestral seat of the Dukes of Norfolk a singularly charming and attractive example of mediæval fortress architecture.

Only the fittest survive the test of time. It is therefore significant that even before Arundel Castle suffered at Cromwell's hands, John Haig Scotch Whisky had embarked on its successful career and had already become known for those same excellent qualities which have since given it world-wide fame.

The Dining Room at Arundel Castle.

A Late 16th Century Octagonal Table.

By Appointment.

Dye Ken

John Haig?

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

RUGGER RAGGINGS

A THRILL AT TWICKENHAM [*Central News*

One of the New Zealand tries being scored in the International match at Twickenham when the All Blacks beat England by 17 points to 11. England rallied splendidly in the second half and J. C. Gibbs was unlucky not to be able to score on several occasions

THAT DAY! By "PENDARVES."

THE sixty thousand people who were present at Twickenham on January 3 have their minds set this week, no doubt, on what we are going to do about Wales on Saturday. That we shall do something rather serious about the 1925 Welsh XV is fairly obvious, judging by the way England coped with those invincible All Blacks. I imagine the Welshmen who were present in force on that day felt a little anxious about their country's chances, as well they might, for old England put up a magnificent show, as she generally does when a "rough house" prevails. She seemed to like it on that occasion, as far as we in the stands could see the detail of her counter-blows and her fierce exchange of physical compliments.

I feel sure that the majority of that terrific Rugger crowd came because they sensed the dramatic unconsciously. Also because, remembering 1905, they wanted to be there—in case. Moreover, come what bulk of points against us, there would be moments tense with Rugger excitement, than which there are few in the world of games more electrifying. There were enough, and to spare. There were too many. There was one awful moment early on in the game when play stopped and a sudden rather embarrassed silence fell upon us. Freethy was seen pointing peremptorily towards the passage leading to the dressing-rooms. The tall figure of C. J. Brownlie was seen moving dejectedly towards it. We all realised with a gasp of horror that one of New Zealand's best forwards was being ordered off the field in an International Match, with the Prince present. Such a thing had never been known before in all our recollections. Conflicting emotions tugged at us. Hysterical partisan shrieks of "Serve him right" came from people who could not possibly have seen from the East Stand the right or wrong in one of those fearful mauls. Others, the majority, thank goodness, deplored greatly this tragedy. If we won now it would be a hollow victory against a team depleted of strength. If we lost it would be at the hands of fourteen men—as indeed it was.

But many of us studying closely through glasses the first few minutes of that gargantuan struggle knew that this sort of thing could not continue. There would be very serious trouble unless these forwards were stopped man-handling each other in the way they were. The limit of human endurance would soon be reached—and then? Then Freethy, the calm referee, stepped in and took a grave decision. Although one man suffered acutely thereby, it had a steadying effect on fourteen others who were beginning to see red, and this historic game began to settle down to something more approaching normality and decency.

It is not for any critical spectator in any stand to adjudicate on the rights or wrongs of those incidents which nearly ruined a great match. All players know how, in games where so much is at stake, a chance blow quite by accident, a momentary and unconscious infringement due to over-keenness and to nothing else, can turn men's minds in a flash from sanity to savagery.

Let us turn with relief to the humour of that day, for, thank heaven, there is always humour—even when England is beaten. There was something very funny, to my mind, about the raucous remarks of a fleshy individual with a penetrating gramophone sort of voice a few seats away from me who disapproved of our lion-hearted little scrum half, Young, whom he frequently assailed with taunts of "Go *in*, Young; they won't bite you. What are you funking for?" Some of us desired vehemently to give this individual two minutes' taste of those terrible wheeling scrums.

And then the criticism of "Reg" Edwards by two middle-aged ladies! 'He looks old enough to be their father; running to fat a bit, too, isn't he? What a pity." This, mark you, of the man who was taking most of the punches in the front rank . . .

There was, too, something pathetically funny about the gentleman from Swansea who sat with a shaking underlip, tears of excitement running down his face, the end of his forgotten cigar burning a large hole in the overcoat of the Newport man in front.

More pathos, and not a little humour—for us—in the faces of the two representatives of the Paris Press, who sat alongside me, and, as the score mounted up, turned the one to the other and remarked that the All Blacks were "*vraiment formidables, tu sais!*" They seemed considerably perturbed as to how France was about to fare at the hands of these "devils of black cats."

And again, the inevitable gentleman who had armed himself with a thermos flask against the protracted return to London, and who must needs wave this ecstatically at the Hamilton-Wickes-Kittermaster try, so that the cork being wrenched out, hot tea fell about the shoulders of his best girl.

A great day—one of the greatest in Rugger history. But the greatest day of all in the lives of the All Black team, upon the issue of which so much hung, and in the achievement of which they must be given our unstinted admiration as the better players of the game.

The Enigma

BY GABRIEL NICOLET

"The Enigma" (widely acclaimed as Nicolet's masterpiece) was exhibited at the 1907 Paris Salon and the 1908 Royal Academy, where it was purchased for a large sum by a private collector.

APPROPRIATE as the title of Nicolet's painting is, Pond's venture to suggest that the single word "Charm," associated as it is with their Complexion Creams, could find no better illustration than this picture.

The smooth whiteness of the skin, the subtle roundness of the contours, are typical of the woman who uses Pond's Creams—the Vanishing Cream as a daytime refresher and the Cold Cream as a nightly cleanser.

Each of the two Creams is perfect for its purpose; when regularly used in conjunction, they comprise all that is necessary to ensure the attainment of complexion charm.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

FREE SAMPLES Pond's Extract Company will send, for 3d. in stamps for postage and packing, a sample tube of both Vanishing Cream and Cold Cream.

POND'S CREAMS *Obtainable from all chemists and stores in opal jars at 1/3 and 2/6, and in collapsible tubes at 7½d. (handbag size) and 1/-. The Cold Cream also in extra large tubes, 2/6*

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 103, St. John Street, London, E.C. 1.

Pond's Vanishing & Cold Creams

MOTOR NOTES

I AM about to start a movement in favour of hydraulic buffers being fitted to street islands similar to those which you see, if you ever travel by train, at the main railway termini. I am starting this movement owing to the fact that I have had personal knowledge that these islands are particularly hard when hit, and that they produce the maximum stopping effect beside which six-wheel brakes pale into insignificance. After dark you never see the beastly things until you are on top of them, so I think my suggestion should receive very wide support. Alternatives are bolsters or rubber cushions which might be tied round the guide posts in order to lessen the shock!

* * *

YOU will gather from the foregoing that I have been endeavouring to uproot some of the more stable portions of the British Empire, and I can tell you quite frankly that I do not like it. But what is one to do when the only indication of the presence of an island is a lamp-post dozens of feet high, and the car in question is a saloon with a low projecting roof? I doubt if I shall ever do it again, as one experience is sufficient for a normal life-time. Incidentally, this little *contretemps* indicated the extreme strength and tenacity of the modern saloon. Although our stopping most probably constituted a world's record, only one panel of glass was broken. The fractures on the chassis were very few, the high-grade parts merely bending without breaking. It was with the greatest regret that I bade farewell to what had been my 14 h.p. Bean, but I trust to see her shortly in her next incarnation.

* * *

I HAVE discovered a new charm in the latest Morris-Oxford. After a "crash" such as I have described, our nerve specialists will tell us that both a sedative and tonic are required for the nerves. This I found the following day on one of the latest Morris-Oxfords. I had an idea at the back of my mind that I was likely to be a little bit "dithery" and apprehensive, but after the first few minutes I found myself driving the Morris with all my pristine confidence. It is a very sound car indeed, and has a particular aptitude for devouring hills at a most satisfying rate of speed. As is well-known, the latest "Oxford" has four-wheel brakes, and when these are correctly adjusted their stopping effect is exceptionally good—but not, of course, as rapid as the incident I have described above! Nevertheless, they gave me as much stopping power as I could require.

* * *

HEAVY smokers will be interested in the fact that the Morris has a detachable ash tray and a match-box on its dashboard. It also has a petrol gauge, a clock, a speedometer, a dynamo and ignition switch-board, and countless other instruments, all for the comfort and convenience of the driver. Speaking facetiously, the only things I missed were an aneroid barometer and a wireless set! Now, speaking seriously, the new Morris-Oxford is a car which should be considered seriously. The price may be low, but this does not necessitate any failure in performance or comfort. The price charged for the Morris-Oxford is purely an incidental, as I know of several people who have looked at it with suspicion owing to its low first cost, and were amazed to find that it had the performance and comfort of a car costing twice as much. The larger brother of the "Cowley" should make a very big name for itself as a comfortable full-sized touring car costing little to buy and little to run.

* * *

I HAVE much pleasure in announcing that motor-cars are becoming even cheaper. One of the most striking reductions which has recently taken place is in respect of the Lancia "Lambda." I am particularly fond of this car, and I am very glad to know that it is now being offered at a price within the range of a larger number of motor-users. The price of the complete touring car, with its unique body and frame construction, its unconventional yet excellent springing and its low-taxed, powerful engine, is now £595. If the saloon model is required, with a detachable top, enabling the car to be converted to the open pattern with the minimum of trouble, the price is £100 more.

* * *

A FURTHER striking price reduction is in the case of the Essex Coach. A reduction of £30 has taken place, making the total cost of this totally enclosed all-weather car £295. Similar reductions have taken place in the cost of the tourer and the chassis. The big brother of the Essex, the Hudson, has also been reduced in price, the Coach now costing £445, while the Sedan is priced at £595. The distributors of these cars in Great Britain have now adopted a less cumbersome title, and will in future be known as Hudson Essex Motors, Ltd. That popular British car, the Hillman 11 h.p., can also be obtained at lower prices. The two-three-seater now costs but £320, while the four-five-seater is priced at £335.

* * *

IF one is the fortunate possessor of a car which gives every evidence of never wearing out, the price of spare parts and replacements is not of particular importance. This is not the case, however, with the manufacturers of such a car. If we look among the world's most famous cars and select those which have the best reputations for long life, we shall find that the Fiat occupies a very high position. Although the Fiat rarely requires any replacements, it will be welcome news to their many owners that the prices of all spare parts and replacements have been considerably reduced. One word of warning is necessary should spare parts be required. Application should be made either to Fiat (England), Ltd., or to an authorised Fiat dealer.

GEORGE C. STEAD

IN THE HILLS

A Wolseley touring car which was used for the filming of scenery in India photographed in Mussoorie, in the United Provinces. As a general rule, no cars are allowed in Mussoorie, which stands nearly 8,000 feet above sea-level

MECHANICAL EMIGRANTS

A fleet of Standard cars photographed at Coventry on their completion. They were driven to London for shipment to India, Australia and New Zealand

ROLLS-ROYCE

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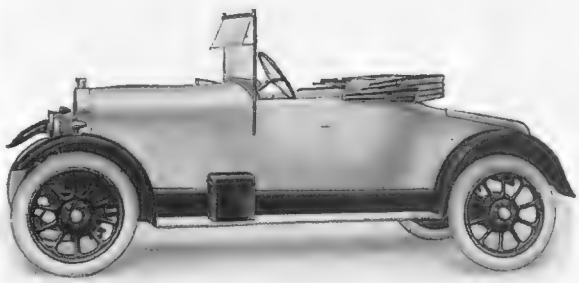

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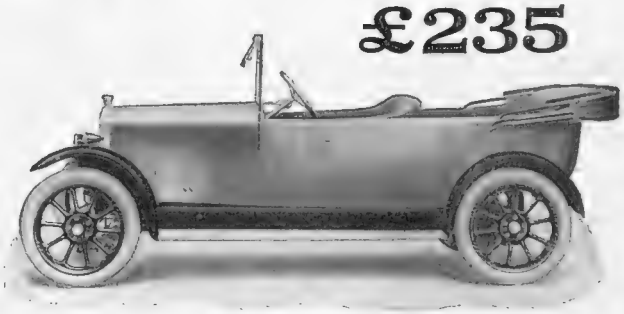

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BYSTANDER BRIDGE

THREE CLEVERLY PLAYED HANDS

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

As an example of good play the following, sent in for Competition No. VI., has points:

Score: A, B, 12; Y, Z, 10 in rubber game. Z deals and calls "one Spade"; A "one No-Trumps"; Y "two Spades"; B "three Hearts"; Z "three Spades"; A "double." All pass.

Y
S—K, 8.
H—9, x, x, x.
D—J, 10, x, x.
C—K, Q, x.

A
S—J, 9, 4, 3, 2.
H—Q, x.
D—A, x, x.
C—A, x, x.

B
S—7.
H—K, 10, x, x, x.
D—x, x, x.
C—J, x, x, x,

Z
S—A, Q, 10, 6, 5.
H—A, J.
D—K, Q, x.
C—x, x, x.

Trick 1. A leads Queen of Hearts on which Z plays the Jack.

Trick 2. A leads another Heart. Z wins.

Trick 3. Z leads 10 of Spades, A covers with Jack (if A did not cover Z finesses 10), and Y won with King.

Trick 4. Y led 8 of Spades, on which Z played a small one. A won with 9.

A can now only make his two Aces, Z draws the trumps as soon as he gets in. If Z wins trick, he cannot make his contract, as A on getting in at trick 4 leads a Heart, B wins with the King and continues with 10, forcing a trump from Z.

. . . . .

Z's hold-up of the Ace of Hearts at trick 1 was good. Of course, he took a risk of A's Queen of Hearts being a singleton, but he had nothing to lose by the play. Whether at trick 3 A should have covered 10 of Spades is doubtful. If he doesn't, it makes the game more awkward for Z.

. . . . .

And here is a case of a successful ruse. Ordinary bidding but clever defence.

Score: Game all, love all. Z dealt, and called "one No-Trumps"; A "two Hearts"; Y "three Diamonds"; B "no bid"; Z "three No-Trumps." All pass.

A led Jack of Hearts. The hands were—

Y
S—K, x, x.
H—x, x.
D—K, J, 10, x, x, x.
C—A, x.

A
S—x, x, x.
H—K, J, 10, x, x.
D—x, x, x.
C—K, Q.

B
S—x, x, x.
H—x, x, x.
D—A, Q.
C—x, x, x, x, x.

Z
S—A, Q, J, 10.
H—A, Q, x.
D—x, x.
C—J, 10, x, x.

Z took with Queen, and led a Diamond, finessing 10. B, hoping that Z would be tempted by prospect of small slam to play the Ace of Hearts on second round, took with the Ace. Z fell into the trap and finessed another Diamond, and the rubber was saved.

. . . . .

And here is an interesting hand sent in by Sir William Wilkinson, played at Bathampton. The outstanding feature is Y's remarkable, and at first sight suicidal, lead to trick 2.

Y
S—A, J, 10, 7, 3.
H—10, 9, 8, 5, 2.
D—Q.
C—6, 4.

A
S—K, 8, 6, 4, 2.
H—Q, 4.
D—8, 4.
C—K, 10, 7, 3.

B
S—9.
H—K, J, 7, 6, 3.
D—A, 6, 3.
C—A, Q, J, 9.

Z
S—Q, 5.
H—A.
D—K, J, 10, 9, 7, 5, 2.
C—8, 5, 2.

Score: A, B, 16. Y, Z, 0 in rubber game. The bidding was: Z "one Diamond"; A "one Spade"; Y "no bid"; B "one No-Trumps"; Z "two Diamonds"; A "no bid"; Y "no bid"; B "two No-Trumps." All pass. Z led the Jack of Diamonds, and A put down his hand. Y deduced—

(1) That Z held originally seven Diamonds headed by K, J, 10, and supported by one outside Ace. (If he had had no outside Ace he would have passed on the first round; if two Aces he would—as Diamonds are a minor suit—have bid "one No-Trumps.") As Y himself held the Ace of Spades, and B is marked with the Ace of Diamonds, Z's Ace is either Hearts or Clubs. Which does not affect Y's coup.

(2) That since Y, Z must win five more tricks in order to "set" B's contract, Y and Z must contrive between them to take (in addition to the Ace of Hearts) four tricks in either Spades or Diamonds or in the two suits combined.

. . . . .

The only way to take four tricks in Spades was first to extract A's King, and next to get a Spade led by Z through A's remaining cards. The only way in which four (more) tricks could be taken in *Diamonds* was for Z to get in at trick 2 before losing his card of re-entry (the Ace of Hearts).

(3) The only possible distribution of the cards that could allow of both alternatives (four tricks in Spades or four tricks in Diamonds) was for Z to hold the Queen and the 5 of Spades. (The three unseen Spades were Queen, 9, 5.) Now B could not hold the Queen (alone or in any combination), or he would have left in A's "one Spade." Of the remaining four possible distributions only two are unfavourable—the 5, with or without the 9, in B's hand. So the chances for or against Y's coup were even.

. . . . . .

It is a maxim that if only one distribution will enable you to succeed, you must assume that that distribution is actual fact. Accordingly Y at trick 2 *led the 3 of Spades, away from his Ace and right up to the King exposed in Dummy!* B played the 9 and Z the Queen. A could either win with that King, or could let the trick go. If he won, then, when Z got in with his Ace of Hearts, Z would lead Spades 5, and Y would make his four remaining Spades. If A does not take the Queen of Spades, Z leads King of Diamonds (followed if necessary by another of the sequence) and draws B's Ace. B can now make four Clubs between his own hand and Dummy's, but must afterwards lead Hearts, whereupon Z makes the rest of the Diamonds.

That is what happened. Thus B failed in his contract. B's bid on the first round was on the system of "denying" a partner's "one" bid in a suit by "one No-Trumps" when you hold a singleton in it that is not a high honour.

By Eddie Benfield

NO GROUNDS FOR COMPLAINT

The Fiancé: "My darling, what is the matter? You know I worship the very ground you walk on"

The Fiancée: "Doubtless. It's Daddie's property!"

The Duke of Monmouth pleading for his life before James II. *By John Pettie, R.A.*

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DECORATING BY COMMITTEE

By MRS. M. VINCE

A CLUB must have an elected committee to manage it. And when the club needs redecorating the committee must look after the redecorating. I do not see how you are to get away from that. If you do, what is to become of democracy? On the other hand, I once saw a club being decorated by its committee.

AT first all went well. The necessary money was voted for it. The club was closed. Hospitality was found for its members elsewhere. The rooms were dismantled. The workmen were admitted. The club was full of ladders and planks, and paint-pots and disorder. The workmen had promised, the committee were pledged, that the work should be finished within so many weeks. The scene (it was then that I was allowed to have a peep at it) was one of the greatest energy and activity. But it was still undecided how the different rooms should be decorated.

THAT they were to be decorated had been approved with every necessary formality, and was recorded on the minutes. It was clear, when you looked at the rooms, that something was happening to them. But what? No one seemed quite to know. The committee held frequent informal meetings among the paint-pots, and gravely inspected pattern-boards. The old members relied simply on their experience and taste. The younger members, however, went in search of new ideas. There was some new idea brought forward at each meeting. If a member had not thought of a new idea, some friend had suggested one. All the new ideas were discussed.

ONE member was convinced that the secret of all decoration was to be found in the Russian Ballet. It was not quite clear how you carried out the ideas of the Russian Ballet in decorating a club, but it could, so the member said, undoubtedly be done. However, the old members vetoed this at once. They felt that it would shock the very old members. It might even make them afraid that dancing was going to be introduced among the tables at luncheon.

SOONER or later in every discussion the very old members were involved. They were like a dark shadow behind the committee. The very old members were opposed to any new form of decoration whatever. They wanted the club to remain exactly as it had been as long as they could remember it. They could see no reason for any change in the club. They could not even see that time and dirt had already changed it.

Meanwhile the workmen were there, and went on with their work.

EACH member of the committee who brought ideas made a point of having a new idea each time the committee met. Unfortunately, their own ideas contradicted one another, and this introduced a fresh confusion. Only one member was consistent. This member's own house had recently been decorated, and had thereby become the standard by which not only all other private houses, but all buildings whatsoever, ought to be decorated. If the club were decorated in the same way, all would be well—even the very old member would be satisfied. Of this the committee member was convinced. Each proposal was received with "Yes, but in my drawing-room. . . ." The other members began to grow tired of that drawing-room.

THEY grew so tired that (with this member dissenting) they chose the colour to be used on the walls of that small room to be found in many clubs, where no one ever sits. They issued their orders for it at once. Next day the orders were hurriedly cancelled. It had been discovered that the curtains had already been dyed a colour which would not go with it. No one quite knew why the curtains had been dyed that colour, but undoubtedly it had been done. There were the curtains!

Foulsham & Banfield

GOING WITH A BANG

Miss Renie Riano, the clever comédienne and dancer, who has been appearing at the Coliseum (where Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry and Miss Mary Glynne are topping the bill) and in the Playtime Cabaret at the Piccadilly Hotel

Ira L. Hill

FAR AWAY REFLECTIONS

Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld, Junr. (better known on this side of the Atlantic as Miss Billie Burke) with her little daughter Patricia, in a quiet corner of her American garden. It is rumoured that Miss Burke is to pay a long-delayed visit to the London stage this year

THEN the committee settled really seriously to their work. At three successive meetings they decided that the dining-room walls should be done in imitation leather, with silk hangings, and with wood-panelling. At a fourth meeting they choose a wall-paper for it with a very large and bold pattern.

At a fifth they remembered that the walls would be—as they had been in the past—almost entirely covered with pictures, and that they had been advised to have them painted.

Meanwhile the workmen were there, and went on with their work.

ALL this was some time ago. The workmen, their ladders, paint-pots, and pattern-boards have long since left the club. The members have returned to it. You can see them through the windows sitting at their lunch. They look quite satisfied with the club. It has undoubtedly been redecorated. But so far as I can discover, it is still undecided how it is to be done.

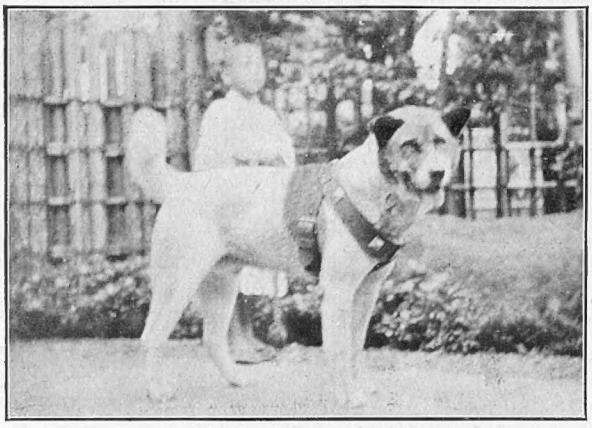
AS I say, you must have a committee to manage a club. And when the club needs decorating, the committee must manage that as well. If not, what is to become of democracy? But there still seems to be something wanting if a club is to be properly decorated. This is equally true of men's clubs and of women's clubs.

I hope you have noticed that I have said nothing to show whether this club was a man's or a woman's. M. V.

INTRODUCING "AKITA"

THE DOGGY POPULACE.

By "THE KENNELMAN"



"MEET MR. AKITA!"
A Japanese gentleman who, according to an Eastern correspondent, is not "introduced to foreign country till now." This fine specimen of the "Akita" species is four years old

POSTAL enquiries and comments from readers of these Notes long since show the Kennelman that there are BYSTANDER readers in every community on the sophisticated side of, say, anthropophagous head-hunters. Given intelligence, mere geographical remoteness makes no difference, as the addresses on these doggy communications frequently prove. One of the latest, from a hill-top in the delectable realm of the Mikado, is so serviceably informing that it must, in part, be quoted here, with best thanks to its courteous writer. Thus: "I am very glad to communicate you. I am sturding every kinds of Dogs, and read foreign Dog book and papers; but sorry that I could not find out the pure Japanese Dog so-called 'Akita,' in every books.

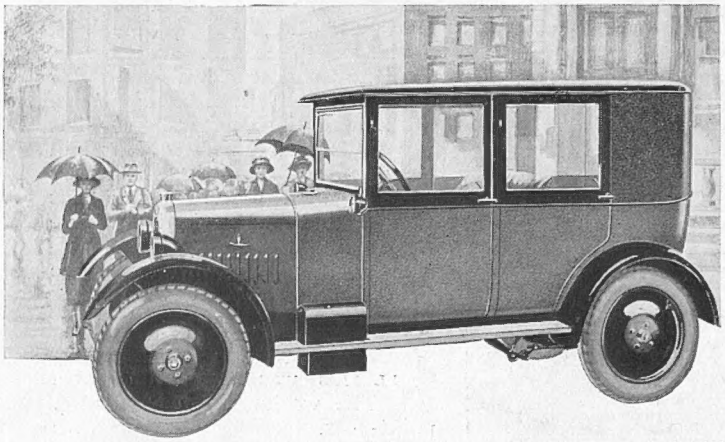
"In Japan are two kinds of Dog: 1. 'Chin,' viz: Japanese Spaniel; 2. 'Akita.' 'Akita' is a representatives of Japanese Dog, not I am sorry introduced to foreign country till now. This breed is wildly distributed in all part of Japan in ancient time, but not many pure-bred 'Akita' in present time. The tittle of this Dog came from name of district in northern part Japan. In ancient time 'Akita' used for wild boar and bear hanting; even now some hanter is using this breed.

"'Akita,' though not so active in apperance, is large and more nearly allied of the wolf. His shape is just like Eskimo Dog. General apperance: Intelligence, courage, but not so endurance. Head: Broad and mass; flat on skull. Ear: Small, pointed and erect carried. Nose: Black, large, wide. Lips: Full in overhanging. Teeth: Strong and sharp. Tail: Thick and heavy; carried at back. Legs: The same: masclear and very strong. Coat and texture: Dence, hard and deep, especially on back, with wooly under, to resist penetrate snow and cold. Mazzul: Good length and forehead broad from eyes. Dogs from 90 to 110 pound. Bitch from 60 to 80 pound. Works: For guard, hanting and fighting extremely."

Lovers of the Chow Chow should find special interest in this correspondent's description of the "Akita" of Japan. There are still parts of the East in which such hefty Dogs represent the most generally recognised form of capital and property, and so many brace of them form a bride's dowry. Also, in addition to usefulness in "hanting" and other kinds of "works," they are prized as food.

The December *Kennel Gazette* is rich in interest and information. All Alsatian enthusiasts should note its reproduction from the *Gazette* of forty years ago, on German Sheepdogs—excellent.

On a rough estimate, there were about three million Dogs in this country in 1924, and something like 50,000 pedigree Dogs registered during the year. Registration increases steadily, and so does the ratio of well-bred to mongrel Dogs; but in both forms of doggy progress still further improvement must be sought—and found.



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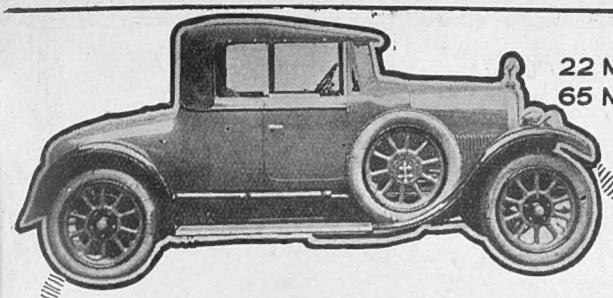

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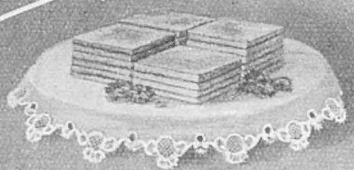
¶ *Those unable to pay a personal visit are invited to write for the illustrated booklet No. 2 of Ciro Pearls.*

A Welcome change



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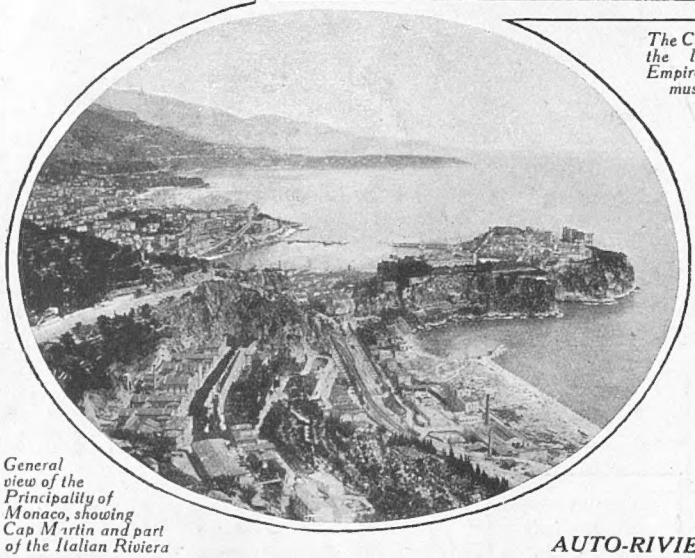
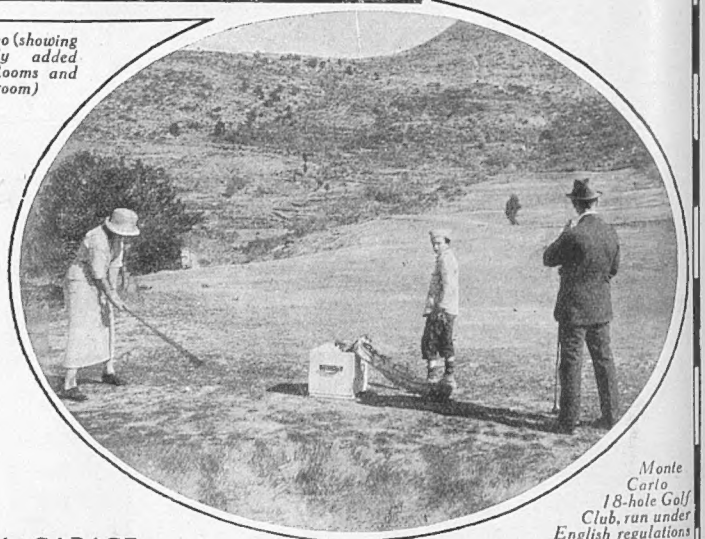


General view of the Principality of Monaco, showing Cap Martin and part of the Italian Riviera



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English Visitors desiring further details or information will receive it free of charge by writing to Mme. Hénon, Villa le Palis, Rue des Roses, Monte Carlo.